

Helen M Garrett
from

Fred L. Skies

Dec 25 - 1898



With kindest wishes
Yours
David Sims

ECHOES

FROM

CENTRAL MUSIC HALL

SELECTIONS FROM THE RECENT SERMONS

OF

PROFESSOR DAVID SWING

INCLUDING THE CELEBRATED SERMON ON "CAPITAL AND
LABOR," THE LAST PREACHED BY
PROFESSOR SWING.

COMPILED BY

THOMAS W. HANDFORD,

Pastor of the Church of the Multitude.

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DEDICATION

TO

PEARL AND GRACIE AND BELLE.

THREE MAIDENS IN THE MORNING OF THEIR YEARS—

“Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!
Gazing with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!”

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

“To you, young men and young maidens, the divine philosophy of life comes like the song of the morninglark. A philosophy that asks only for a neat home, vines of one's own planting, a few books full of the inspiration of genius, a few friends worthy of being loved and able to love in return, a devotion for right that will never swerve, and a simple religion full of faith and love. This morning hymn sung by the world is for you. You should grasp this life while the inspiration of youth is pouring like a torrent through your hearts, and remember that out of humble life the mightiest souls have come, and on the threshold of a cottage the holiest sunlight has always fallen.”—*David Swing*.



CENTRAL MUSIC HALL, STATE AND RANDOLPH STS., CHICAGO.

THE LAST WORDS
OF
PROFESSOR DAVID SWING.

Up to the last Professor Swing was busy with the grand work of his life. Contemplating the service of the approaching Sabbath he partly prepared a sermon he did not live to preach. The last words of the unfinished sermon ran thus :

"We must all hope much from the Gradual Progress of Brotherly Love."

The pen was then laid down forever. No words could have been more appropriate. They strike the key-note of the Professor's ministry.

PREFATORY TRIBUTE.

The world is poorer to-day by the departure from its busy scenes of Professor David Swing. Chicago, and the nation, and the age, have alike suffered irreparable loss. Men like David Swing make the world a good place to live in. They create an atmosphere that is pure and healthful and invigorating; and as the young man said of his sainted wife whose life had been as a light of heaven upon his path, "It will be harder to be good now that she has gone;" so thousands who have been cheered and inspired by the now silent preacher, will sorely miss the helpful influence of his words, and the might of his gentle personality. He was one of God's "Apostle lights," whose radiance death has neither quenched or eclipsed, but only removed to shine more clearly under serenest skies. David Swing, like the Fore-runner of the great Teacher, was a burning and shining light, and many thousands have rejoiced in the truth he taught. While we mourn the death of such a man, let us be very grateful that he was so much to his friends, his church and his age, for so long a time. Of his sixty-four years, nearly half a century was engaged in public service. The life of David Swing was largely free from mere events. Too much has been made, and we fear more will be made of what was after all only an episode in his peaceful gentle career. That the custodians of orthodoxy felt called upon to disturb the even tenor of his way is by no means remarkable. When James I. of England said he would make the Puritans conform to the teachings and modes of the established church or he would "harry them out of the land,"

he was only representing the genius of orthodox jealousy which is generally as blind as it is narrow. James did "harry" the Puritans out of the land, and drove them across the sea to find in this country a shrine for liberty, and

"Freedom to worship God."

Professor Swing was practically "harried" out of the church; but the trial for heresy, gave Chicago and the age one of its grandest spiritual forces, untrammelled, and free "as is a bird of air, an orb of heaven." This was, however, but a passing episode in a career that has been like a glorious river, bearing perpetual sunshine on its bosom, while its deep under currents run steadily on to the eternal sea of truth. In the grand sum of the life just ended the trial episode forms no important part. It might just as well be forgotten. Many who shared in it may well wish it had never been. The broad and generous charity; the large, hopeful, all-enduring love; that formed the theme of David Swing's ministry became incarnate in his life. Beautiful and pathetic, eloquent and inspiring as his sermons were, he was the grandest sermon of all. And he, though dead, will be eloquent for many a day. Thousands whose hands he never grasped, whose faces he never knew, will feel sad to the center of their hearts that death has borne away so wise a teacher, so gentle a friend. He has served his day and generation and has "fallen on sleep," as did that other David of the kingly race. His sun went down at eventide, it went not down in darkness and in storm, but melted in the pure light of heaven. We need not trouble about the future. Prof. Swing will have no successor. Such men cannot be succeeded. Beecher and Spurgeon and Swing have done their work. A church may still flourish at the Tabernacle in London, at Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, or

at the Central Music Hall. But the men are few and far between, who could gracefully wear the mantle of these ascended saints. Other men and other methods will be able to do grand work in the old places. To follow in a procession is one thing, but to succeed a great man is quite another. There have been many poets, only one Milton; many preachers, only one Swing. But he has gone from us, and yet we cannot think that that busy brain has ceased to act, or that that large heart has ceased to love. Milton is not dead! Hampden is not dead! Washington and Lincoln are not dead, nor is David Swing! He has entered the silent land, and we stand by that gate of death that leads to life—silent and solitary and sad!

*Church of the Multitude,
December 12th, 1894.*



SELECTIONS

FROM THE

SERMONS OF PROF. DAVID SWING.

Christ the Center and Circumference.

The most powerful Christianity for the near future will be that one which shall make the person of Christ the center and circumference of its truth and emotions. All which prefigured or gently and slowly led toward that Nazarine perfection should be thought to have performed its mission when the Christ came, and should be discharged as a pilot is paid off and discharged when he has brought the great ship to its anchorage and home. This the high orthodox refuse to do. Having informed us that Moses was a school-master in the infancy of religion, they retain him, rod in hand, after Christ has turned infancy into manhood, and they send the world in its old age to the same master as though to study again the alphabet of salvation. The success of public lecturers in raising a laugh any day and hour over the dogmas of the Church, warn us that we who preach Christ must draw nearer that one theme, and must permit the modern mind to enjoy a wonderful liberty in making up its estimate of all those parts of the Bible and of creeds which do not involve the historic reality of Jesus as the adequate Saviour of all who imitate his virtues.

Worship Enchains Man to His Maker.

It is a custom of logic to reason from the lower to the higher, but it is often fitting to argue downward from the higher postulate. From the worship of God pass down then that admiration of beauty which so fills our age. As worship enchains man to his Maker and detains him until he is enobled by so great an association, so all this lower admiration of beautiful things flings back some rich coloring upon the admiring mind. It would be a blessed hope for our youth if they could always have open to them some beautiful gateway. No school-house will ever open like the school of the sentiments. The worshiper becomes like his God.

What Touches One Touches All.

What touches one educated heart touches all hearts. There is for all our race one pathos, one laughter, one beauty. As the name of each flower of earth moves all hearts, and as each page of literature moves all thinking minds, whether that page was composed in Athens or in Italy, or by Schiller or Lamartine or Cervantes, so the name of each nation touches the soul, because he who is a good citizen of one land is the child of all countries. To fill the earth with such Christian citizens will be the final task and triumph of religion.

Christian Means Christ.

Under earnest intellectual action the word Christian will at last imply a human character like that of Christ. Later in the history of our race the words, Protestantism and Romanism, will disappear, both displaced by the power and beauty of a Christian manhood and womanhood. It is a law of our planet that the less shall die when the greater shall come. The wild apple, the wild

orange, are not sweet enough to merit our soil and sun. Slavery died when the present century came with its study of liberty.

Christ and Woman.

The degradation of woman came from her being set apart for looking after the stuff. She could not aspire, or hope, or think anything, or learn anything, or be anything. Even so good a son as Telemachus told his mother to stay close to her loom. And the kind-hearted Xenophon said the greatest duty of woman was to look after her husband's food and clothes. At times, the Greek woman broke out of that jail and struck her harp like a Sappho or taught divine philosophy like an Antigone. It is probable Christ aimed at this domestic bondage of woman when he told Martha that she overrated the kitchen; that Mary's idea was better; that woman, like man, was the lawful heir of an immense spiritual world and should claim it. The kitchen should be small, the halls of the mind magnificent. One course at the table was enough, the other five or six courses should be taken at the banquet of philosophy. The Protestants read the text and declared the one needful course was Calvinism; the Catholics read it and locked Mary up in a convent that she might not be disturbed in her thoughts.

Burns and Dickens.

What is most wonderful about the young mind is the fact that when books and schools are denied it, it can meditate and turn the solitude of the farm into a great school house. Poverty can deny the blessing of books, but poverty cannot always prevent reflection from creating a whole library of poetry, romance and philosophy. Many minds, like that of Robert Burns and Charles Dickens, have made their own power. Their minds

kept their own school all day long. Even at recess the work went on. The school was perennial. There was no cross master. There was no tuition bill. Each summer the poor lonely boy stood higher. He kept his own grade and voted himself the honors.

Mind Growing Under Culture.

By as much as the human mind grows under the perpetual influence of the school house and the perpetual accumulations of the literatures and the sciences by so much does it love more the broad places of our world. Mind grows under culture. It would be a great pity if long summers and rich soil and a thousand years should combine to make great oak trees, great cypresses, massive woods, and could not combine in some way in the construction of great minds and great hearts. The world's buildings grow larger, its ships larger, its bridges longer. Thus the mind journeys onward, and gladly exchanges ponds for oceans and little ideas for large ones. Schools, literatures, sciences, arts, and a thousand years are beginning to reveal an effect. Much that was pleasing once is too small now. Many ideas that once gave pleasure have become oppressive, not from any falseness, but from their littleness. Paulette's flower in her green paper box was not false. It was simply too much limited by the paper. It needed scope for root and branch and vine.

Thought Brings Change.

Great changes must come into man's intellectual world after thought has been playing upon it for a few hundred years. There must be new adjustments of subject and object, name and thought. It would be very singular to us should some great despot come here and

set up an absolute throne in the night, and in the morning we should wake to find the castes of India around us, and that we dare not speak to the man we liked yesterday, and dare not touch the hand of our old friend. The wife must not eat with her husband, nor the son with the mother. The soldier must not associate with the farmer. Thus India has thirty-six shapes of humanity, going from the Brahmin downward. Unable to find more than thirty-six names for these human colors they call all other people by the name of pariahs.

Toussant L'ouverture.

It often happens that a name comes down to us from the past, all covered with honors as though there were under it great achievements for man or learning or art. Toussant L'ouverture thus comes to us in moral charm, and we scarcely inquire whether he failed or triumphed. Upon reviewing the page we find that his schemes failed, and that all this splendor shines out of the grand intentions of his heart. Failure from personal defect, of judgment, or from some blemish of mind or soul, seems erased by the fact that honesty was present even when power was wanting.

Ingredients of a High Manhood.

A great variety of ingredients is consumed in the manufacture of a high manhood. If it be true that much power of mind and heart pass along by heredity, then to create a good individual one or two or three centuries must be consumed. Each great and noble personage is thus a thousand years old. He carries the powers and mental charms which were toiled over and practiced by his progenitors. It is not wholly in bad taste when the Chinese worship the emblems of their ancestors, for the heart

ought to bow in gratitude to the memory of those who shaped well its destiny in advance. Those should be loved who did us all great kindness before we came into being. They prepared the house and then fitted the inmate to the house.

Man Made Great by Sentiments.

If one would find the true value of a sincere worship, one must first note the vastness of that spiritual fortune that comes through the heart. Literature is composed almost wholly of what the heart loves and admires. As the painter paints for the sentiments, as the sculptor carves for what society loves, as music works wholly for man's delight and tears, so literature utters all its eloquence to the heart. You would not designate the algebra and the law reports as literature. You would not class as letters the debates on tariff or silver. At the mention of the word "literature," human life in sadness or joy comes before us; Helen of Troy poses in gracefulness; Andromache and her child part with Hector; the plumed Achilles hurries along in his chariot; the woods whisper; the nightingale sings; Dante and Beatrice appear; Hamlet acts his part; Ophelia dies; Paul and Virginia make of Mauritius a paradise and a grave; "Little Dorritt" is the beautiful dove of a prison; Fantine sleeps in a hillock which soft rain levels and flowers conceal. Literature is not learning. It is man's holiest passion. It is the soul rushing out of the holy of holies. Man is made great by the sentiments. Touch literature anywhere and the human face flushes. The strings of that instrument called "letters" are fastened to the heart.

Poor Thoughts Fade.

All ideas that contain littleness live only a temporary life. Men only camp in them—they do not live there.

They are not home. Poor thoughts fade when some new and great beauty is born. Thus the two words, "Protestant" and "Catholic," are serving only in an interregnum, waiting for the advent of some crowned forehead. When the "Christian citizen" shall have come into this Nation the lesser worlds will soon perish ; for great as "Protestantism" and "Romanism" have been, neither name contains any trace of immortality ; but to the term "Christian citizen" one may easily attach the word "forever."

What Modern Scientists Have Done.

The modern scientists have done two deeds at one and the same time. They have indeed made the universe outgrow the early interpretations of Genesis, but they have made it too vast and too amazing not to have come from a God. Even the slow development of animals and plants, and the newly found wonders of light and heat make the demand greater for a mind which could arrange so many great means to so many great ends. All that enlarges the material kingdom must enlarge its cause and make the argument for a Creator greater now than it was when the sun was supposed to be drawn by horses and affected by summer and winter winds.

The Sensitive Mind.

A slow mind and sluggish heart can be aroused by an external storm. Blessed that mind and heart which in times of peace and of prosperity can still perceive the need of mankind and can realize the greatness of the sea of human life, even though no storm be on its surface. A common mind can realize the greatness of the ocean when it is storm-tossed, it is a finer soul that is filled with awe also by its stillness and solitude.

The Value of Worship.

The value of worship does not accrue to the Deity, but to the worshiper. When the first offerings were ever made to a god the mind that brought the gifts was still an infant, and thought that its god needed all kinds of food and drink and jewels. Even in times later, and much grander the temples of Athens and Carthage and Rome were full of offerings made to the divinities of each land. Garments, armor, jewels were stored away for the use or delight of the divinities. A Greek general made a vow that if his god would help him win a certain battle he would offer to that god as many kids as there were enemies left dead upon the field. When Solomon dedicated his temple he offered to the Lord 22,000 oxen and 120,000 sheep, it not then being ever imagined that all those animals were the Lord's before Solomon had killed them; and that, so far as the Lord was to be thought of, the oxen and sheep would please God better when they were roaming in peace on the green hills than when they were only dead carcasses in the slaughter pen.

Do Not Ask Too Much.

Sir William Hamilton and men of that high school have declared that the true logic must never ask for more causation than is necessary; and such writers as Trench have said that a miracle is to be believed only when it was performed for some tremendous purpose. Modern logic does not exclude the miraculous, but it demands, in a religious system, the least possible of the superhuman and the most possible of the reasonable or natural. To the pulpit of to-day the young man and the young woman come in all the new truth and power of logic, asking the high Calvinist why the sun stood

still for Joshua, or why God ordered bloody wars, or why He helped Samson catch the foxes, or pull down a temple, and he is unable to make any other reply than that "all things are possible with God." This answer brings not the silence of peace and conviction, but the silence of contempt. The questioner knows well that God could make the sun stand still, but doubts whether he did so for a transient Joshua. The event must be as great as the divine interference.

Man is God's Guest.

It is said of some Eastern nation that if a guest admires anything in the home of the host, the host must give that object to the guest. It would be cruel to send the guest home with longing, but empty hands. What is thus told in fancy of some unhistoric state may be told in truth of man's greater world, for what he worships is instantly his. Admiration, worship is possession. Man cries out, "I admire the sun and the stars!" Henceforth they are his. Nothing can separate them from his heart. He admires music. Ever afterward it is in him, of him, and for him. They are inseparable. Man is God's guest. God gives him what he worships in the infinite house. Worship is not for God, it is for man. We are in God's home. He says what you love is yours.

An Age of Worship.

Perhaps we are coming to an age of worship rather than of theology. It is easy to imagine a period in which the Old Testament and the New Testament will empty all their holy and beautiful things into the public heart. If any mind shall not love all the holy books let it take a part, as Linnæus did not espouse the earth's rocks and waters but only its plants. If one cannot admire Paul let

him read after Saint John. If worship declines at some one spot, it will rise on some other page, as we are often unmoved by the great ocean but can cry at the voice of a song, or sit down in deep joy in the leafy woods. One thing is essential—to find some path in which the foot can always advance with reverence; for reverence, worship, admiration are the mighty educators of our race.

The Example of Jonah.

If Jonah was literally swallowed and transported around in the ocean for three days in the whale's dark bed-chamber fitted up for such a contemptible guest, then the lesson ends with Jonah; and if God has you and me in mind He will have to issue to us a similar order, and prepare for us two more great fishes; but you and I are included the moment the story is spiritualized, because then the lesson is on the surface that if any adult mortal would rather join the crowd in sin than lead it toward righteousness, that person ought to be swallowed by any kind of marine or earthly monster existing in animated nature.

The Moral Spendthrift.

Old hand-earned gold is not the only wealth that may be dissipated by a subsequent generation. An inherited power and morals may also be squandered and an age go out of life mentally and spiritually poorer than it came in. The child of the highly civilized parent inherits great animation and will soon possess a language, a taste, a conscience, and a mental activity far beyond the reach of the child of the savage. This is the spiritual inheritance which may soon be squandered. The child which, at its tenth year, could possess such a large fortune, may soon turn toward vice or crime and thus

fling away as a drunkard or criminal a moral excellence which had been accumulating for him in many a past century.

Confucius.

So essential is it that man stand in the presence of greatness that the Chinese have extracted not a little of virtue and honor from their devotion to only their ancestors. Confucius, who, for twenty-five centuries, has molded the lives of many millions, accomplished this result chiefly through five forms of reverence—that between emperor and officers, between father and son, husband and wife, brother and brother, friend and friend. This reverence, playing upon the hearts that were alive, arose still higher after the object of regard had passed out of life. If a brother was dear while he was living, he is made still more dear by the mystery of death. Death transfigures those we love. All faults are forgiven and forgotten, and all merits are nurtured into bloom. How much greater the transfiguration when love ran deep before the death. The Chinese, having exalted these five relations of heart to heart all through the happy days of earth, then at death the emperor, or the father, or wife or son, or friend passed up into a memory akin to worship. Thus every youth went to school to all the goodness of his country. He was surrounded by five types of mortals who were trying to live in such a manner that their bones would be like those of a saint. This reverence was an education.

More "Lives of Saints" than Saints.

Thoughts will keep from age to age, and cannot ever be marked as "perishable goods," but still there may be a wrong done society by means of that robbery

which thinking commits against doing. This calamity befell some of the Christian centuries in which almost all the religious leaders became writers. There were ten men to suggest for one man to perform. It is now generally doubted that there were anything near as many saints as there were "lives of saints," for the mind had cultivated the art of sacred biography, and had reached the ability to make a volume out of a name whose real pious exploits were worthy of only a page. The "lives of the saints were more numerous and wonderful than the saints" themselves. At least, great works were absent, and abundant words were present in all those dark centuries.

Irrelevant Terms.

If the special names of many of the churches are failing and are about to fall away as dead limbs from the oak, it must be coming to pass that names are falling away from other objects besides the church. The sun cannot shine upon the grape and not touch the ripening fig. In Illinois the sun cannot shine upon the wheat and not touch the corn and grass. The age that finds irrelevant terms in the sanctuary will soon find them in the home and street. Our land is leading in this work of separating manhood and womanhood from all that is irrelevant.

The Composure of Theology and the Courage of Skepticism.

In some of the costly missals of the old Roman church, there are many pictures in life colors showing the attitude the priest should assume at certain points and crises of the service. It is therein shown how the arms should be raised in the celebration of the mass, and how the holy robes should be received and be surrendered by the

celebrant. Thus that age had a volume of positions and motions and expressions and reposes, and when down upon that childish period swept Voltaire and his laughing allies, the church was powerless of rational speech. Protestantism was an advance from childhood to manhood, from form to reason, but its dignity to-day is too much that of the owl, rather than that of the eagle. Theology sits in sublime composure; skepticism soars with courage and ambition.

The Shellfish Element in Man.

The stupid animals that live in shells—the snail, the clam, the oyster—retreat into their houses and fasten their pearly gates the instant anything except the soft water touches them. Though only a pebble may roll against their houses they go into retirement as though there were a dreadful enemy about. Man possesses some faint traces of a shellfish origin, for when a great painter has made a bad finger or ill-shaped hand, however grand the face or form or subject, the fastidious spectator instantly closes up all the doors of enjoyment, and thinks that the artist should have followed the plow. So when a public singer offers to an assemblage one false note, the great unrelenting condemnation sets in, and all go home not glad at the sweet sounds they have heard, but angry that a person should have taken their money for a flat note. It would require years for that vocalist to heal the wounded public.

The Death of Caste.

Even the more sensible Greeks in Athens once had six grades of humanity: Priests, mechanics, shepherds, hunters, plowmen and soldiers. By a fine process of differentiation the early Greeks found a difference between the

mechanic and the plowman, and between the farmer and the hunter. In our age and land the mind longed to be released from all this oppressive straightness, and on meeting an Emerson and a Webster it did not wish to be told that they were degraded farmers, that Washington was a low-born surveyor, and Franklin only a low, inky printer. Our Nation came from a desire to escape the oppressive caste of all barbarous times, and to reach and enjoy the broader country into which the Lord seemed willing to lead his children.

Creeds Harmful to Worship.

A large part of the church creed has been inimical to worship, and much that was not hostile has been irrelevant. No close definition of a trinity or of the will, or of the creation of man from dust or from a rib, no detail about Noah or Samson has ever added a single flower to the altar of love and reverence. The eternal doom of men for Adam's sin has never made the name of God beautiful. Very much of the creed has been an enemy to the joy of God's house. It was an error of the theologians that the human race could adore where it could not admire and could love the deeds of an unjust power.

The Music is More than the Notes.

The Bible need not pass in person into the common school, because the great soul of that book has journeyed outward, and now the gems in the book are only a few compared with those that sparkle in the wide world of truth and beauty. Cardinal Newman's hymn, "Lead Kindly Light," is not the Bible, but it came out of it. It was once a Bible grain, but it now is a field of wheat all ripe and bending far away from the Egyptian tomb. The Russian hymn to the Deity—a hymn which was

once wrought out in gold letters and hung as a banner in the Emperor's palace—is not to be found in the Bible, but it arose from that sacred book as our Nation came from a few pilgrims. As the original eight notes of music have been forever expanding, and have become now the almost infinite music of the civilized nations, so the fundamental utterance of the Holy Scriptures have become enlarged into a varied magnificence of prose and poetry. If there be any sect, or any faction of a sect, which does not wish to see a Bible in a public school, then may the common literature of our race rush in and save education from being robbed of many of its greatest beauties and noblest sentiments. Our age need not clamor for the original eight notes of Matthew, or Paul, or St. John, but it may well clamor for the music which the eighteen centuries have wrought out of the Galilean scale. The springs of the Mississippi are eclipsed by the river itself.

Our Race Is in its Infancy.

This is not a dream. If God made our world and our race it is not probable that we, the children of earth, can outdream the skill and beauty of the Infinite. Who are we that we should think of some great human destiny that a God had forgotten? Do we not see that a hundred names are dying for want of greatness? The words Baptist, Methodist, Calvinist, Episcopalian, farmer, mechanic, tradesman, are too small for a long career. They were cradle words, lisped in human infancy but they are not the language of man's later life. Should a man come to you now saying, "I am a Presbyterian," or "I am a high-church Episcopalian," would you not see at once Paulette coming with her little plant growing in her green paper box? Oh, Paulette! would

the world could give thee a great outdoor field for thy plant and a massive tower for its vines, that they

Might mantle o'er the battlement,
By war or storm decayed,
And sweetly fill each mournful rent
Time's envious touch had made.

We would love to give thee not tears of compassion, but those of a deep admiration. Is this a dream? Why is our race founded upon a great God? Is it that this God may never make any final use of the infinite? Is it that He may never reveal to His children His wisdom and love? Do we climb only to fall? Do we run forward only to go back? Oh, no! Our race is still in its infancy. We are still lisping cradle words. Our great terms have not yet come. Humanity will run forward because it is led by the hand of a God.

God Great by What He Gives.

God is great not only in what He has, but in what He gives away. He owns all the colors, but they are poured out upon the world for us. The clouds catch some, the rainbow some, the flowers some, the human cheek some tint, but they are all for us as well as the Creator. God owns the sun, but what does he do with the extra sunbeams? Ask our world on this day of spring. Ask all the human beings that live on this planet. Ask the birds and the dumb animals, and all will say that the sunbeams are for God and us. The sea is His and ours. The midnight sky is for Him and us. We need not the old times to come back and create more love of gold, but we pray for the days to come when human goodness and beauty will be like God's colors and light poured out for all in great profusion.

Caste is Weak.

In India there are thirty-six shapes of human condition between the Brahman that may be worshiped and the widow who might be burned. This is the land in which the thirty-six discriminations are to be erased. In England the shopkeeper is still far below the personage called the "gentleman." Caste is weak, but it still prevails; but the world is rolling along gracefully toward a time when all the old, cruel names will give place to the one high rank of intelligence and honor. The intelligence and honor of a farmer will make the plow an ornament; the printing press of a Franklin and a Childs will be turned by honor into a coat of arms; the merit of mind and heart will make the youth or the maiden have an ancestry from God; education and a Christlike character will make woman into a queen; her heraldry need be only the rose on her bosom; culture and righteousness will open all the doors of fashion and office and fame. Children born in humblest poverty can be reborn in the mighty mansion of humanity.

The Pulpit Must March with the Age.

Aside from the privilege of seeking and finding what is most true and the happiness which attends the consciousness of mental freedom, those outside of rigid orthodoxy are better able to answer the objections of the new generation to a life of faith and worship. While no form of Christianity can rest upon what may be called a wholly rational basis it is desirable that there be the least possible quantity of antagonism between the Church and common sense. There was an age once that loved the miraculous more than the natural, and which, like children in presence of a story-teller, was most im-

pressed by the tales which were farthest removed from all human experience and observation; but few of the qualities of that period remain. Voltaire, Hume, Thomas Paine, Stuart Mill, Harriet Martineau, Renan and Strauss have passed over the world, and the pulpit that follows such names must differ from the pulpit which went before them.

Humanity Waiting for Noble Deeds.

The welfare of mankind is no longer waiting for words, but for noble actions. The song of charity has been well sung by all grades of voices and the self-denying religion of Jesus has been well preached to this generation. The presses are all busy with the literature of kindness, and each drama and each novel finds its climax in the triumph of the poor. All has come except the triumph. The quantity of humane philosophy on the one hand is equaled by nothing so perfectly as by the quantity on the other hand of ignorance and helplessness and sorrow.

The Worship of God an Unfading Flower.

In these days of universal complaint and unrest the heart need not be empty of good and peace. The worship of God is an unfading flower. It cares no more for human theology than the skylark cares about the size and distance of the sun. Behold the unchanging goodness of God! The leaves have come back to our forests. Trees a thousand years old are bedecked again in verdure. The roses that bloomed for Anacreon have come back for us. The olive trees that wove a shade for Christ are in our world still. The carpet of flowers and grass is spread upon America again. It was unrolled before the feet of Washington, and now it is unrolled

for us. Thus the worship of God need meet with no end or decline in the human heart. It is a lifelong beauty and a lifelong happiness. Man need not be a theologian or a sectarian. Life will be full to overflowing to the heart that is a worshiper.

Oriental Figures.

Nearly all of Oriental speech was boldly figurative. The four men who came running breathlessly to Job, the first one announcing an ambush by the Sabeans, the second one telling of a shower of fire, the third one informing the good man of a raid by the Chaldeans, the fourth one announcing a cyclone of full modern violence, are just like the men and women of Bunyan, or like the leopard, the wolf, and the lion which suddenly appeared before Dante when he began to advance into the gloomy forest. That these four calamities should have befallen Job in one day; that each force took some peculiar property, the Sabeans, oxen; the Chaldeans, camels; the fire, the sheep; the wind, the house; and that each tumult left one man only alive to tell its special tale, and that Job's best friends sat in silence with him for seven days and nights upon the ground to help him bear his sorrow are not the details of history, but of picturesque literature. In all those lands and times which created the books of the Old and New Testaments, to be a writer was to be an artist, a painter. To find the meaning of those Scriptures the student must make the external phenomena to be those creations which art employs for conveying some spiritual idea to the heart.

The Reconciliation of Christianity and Common Sense.

It will be easier for the clergy to cease to be Calvinists and literalists than it will be for the rising generation to

cease to be reasonable. In this dilemma, it is easy to determine where the change of the future will come. A great reconciliation must be brought about between Christianity and the improved common sense—between the Author of nature and the Author of religion, that faith and law may both have their places in the life of man. Faith will always be willing to believe in a world beyond this; in rewards for the righteous, and punishment for the guilty; in a world to come not made with hands, as the world that now is was not made by human fingers. Faith will look backward and forward toward a great cause, but this looking will be founded upon the sublimity of the objects and upon the feeling that there are places in the universe where the word law must give place to the word God. It will be a misfortune if the pulpit shall continue to compel this faith to descend from these majestic heights, and embrace lovingly miracles which possess no bearing upon the life and hopes of mankind.

Something That Was not a Mistake.

When the modern critics in the church and out of it are enlarging upon the "Mistakes of Moses" and upon the historical childishness of the Bible, they should not forget to tell us that there ran through the whole Bible period a something that was no mistake, a something whose history arises up before us as real as the earth itself and as beautiful as its four seasons, as magnificent as its June. That something was worship! Théology came and went; the laws of Moses were passed and obeyed and repealed, fables were told and forgotten, Paul and Apollos differed, James and John were unlike, but in worship all seemed to meet and the Jacob who saw angels on the night-ladder is beautifully akin to St. John and

Paul and all are wonderfully akin to our age that sings
the one hymn of the whole race,

“Nearer, My God, to Thee.”

The Robe of Thought.

Never before was the earth so covered with the rich
drapery of learning and wisdom and romance. Even the
sleeping literature of the old East has been translated
into our language, and thus Asia, and China and Persia
speak over again, words that fell like manna many centuries ago. The month of June cannot weave for the prairies a vestment of grass and flowers richer than that robe of high thought which the past has woven for the nineteenth century.

The Scotch Heather.

That Greek who said he did not wish to belong to one city, but to all cities was a forerunner of our age. How dear to each of you is Germany! how dear France! how dear England! The Scotch heather is our flower just as well. We can all sing the praises of that purple covering of the hills. Chicago and Edinburgh alike love it:

Flower of the waste! the heath fowl shuns
For thee the brake and tangled wood;
To thy protecting shade she runs,
Thy tender buds supply her food;
Her young forsake the mother's plumes
To rest upon thy opening blooms.

Bloom of the desert though thou art,
The deer that range the mountain free,
The graceful doe, the stately hart
Their food and shelter seek from thee;
The bee thy early blossom greets
And draws from thee her choicest sweets.

How to Love Christ.

What an illogical attitude it was for the old church to assume that an admiration and deep love for Christ were of no value! Unless man worshiped him as God, man was hopelessly lost! All high and profound admiration was only love thrown away. Christ must be confessed to be the creator and be worshiped as such. This view came from the old idea that God was waiting for fame and presents from earth, and that Jesus of Nazareth was waiting also for honors and fame from the fields of mortality. We seem coming to an age when all the admiration and reverence each heart may cherish for the Son of Man will become a part of that heart's treasure. If we bless the noonday sun for his light and heat and beauty, we may have the light and the blessing. The sun is too great to need them. So if man loves the Christian Savior, that love will enter into the human soul to become a part of its spiritual treasure. When the fire worshipers adored the sun they did not know how vast he was; that he was a million miles in diameter, and could cheer a thousand planets as easily as he illuminated this one world. But although so unmeasured, that flaming orb poured his light upon humanity and made the four seasons and all the life and beauty of the globe. It was enough for the heart. Those children of Zoroaster did not worship as astronomers, but as lovers of sunbeams. Thus when the heart thinks of Christ it need not act as an old church theologian, but only as a heart full to the brim of worship or love or admiration. After the old theologians had decided that to love Christ, but not as a Creator, was such a hopeless ruin for the soul it must have been a surprise to see the moral beauty of the Channings and their large school. The surprise

ends at last in the new truth that the soul can love a sunbeam without knowing the diameter of the sun.

Man Made by Little Things.

Man is made by little things. His soul seems made like his body as if by the heaping up of cells. In each cubic inch of the human body there are a few millions of cells. These are so concatenated as to compose at last the form of a Washington or a Beatrice. The formation of a good soul is not otherwise, and each little part is essential to the peace of the sum total. Little influences combine and shape the heart. It is not quite enough to say: He is an American; she is a Northerner, or a Southerner; for there are a million influences at work here or there, and not each one will respond to the touch of the same million. No one large term will save us; for Aaron Burr was an American; the Sioux Indians are sons of the temperate zone, and Henry VIII was a Christian. The valuable thing is the many little or separate facts which fall under the broad term. The word "Galilean" did not harm Christ because the ten thousand thoughts and deeds of His soul ran counter to the reproachful epithet, and carried him far away from the old generality.

What Is a Citizen?

A citizen is a soul before which all humanity moves in its organic and individual form; a soul that does not live only for itself; a heart that feels the pain of the millions and that grows ambitious for the human race; that loves not the flowers of its own garden only, but the heather of Scotland, the red poppies of France, and the great sun-flowers of Holland. Those who migrate to this continent and here oppose law and fling bombs into the streets,

were never citizens of Germany, or of any land. They do not possess that kind of mind that can appreciate the progress and happiness that may come to man from his country. They are without a country because their minds are too narrow to hold the idea of a State. When at last sectarian names shall perish, they will perish before the face of a great, even a majestic name—that of the Christian citizen. The former term will reveal a relation to Christ, the latter a revelation to humanity.

Reason and Imagination.

Reason separated from a warm imagination may be useful in that kind of ability which comes from concentration upon a single object of toil. Hence Zeno, Socrates, Seneca, Epictetus, Aurelius, à Kempis, Pascal, Harriet Martineau and John Stuart Mill, were of great usefulness to the human family, for from them came many lessons in a noble ethics; but they were special toilers and passed life under deep clouds. They helped unveil a half of the universe, but the other half they left under the empire of night. They were all destitute of that buoyancy of soul which has made for humanity its art, its music, its song, its laughter, its love, its worship and its hopes. We are glad they all lived and toiled, but we are glad also that others lived also to cover the naked trees with foliage, their outline world with green grass and sweet flowers. Logic without passion cannot make a world.

The Gate Beautiful.

The gates which lead out of orthodoxy, of the severer form, without leading away from Christianity are not many, but they are plainly visible and very great. One of these portals, through which many pass to more of

liberty and peace, is that of Spiritual Interpretation. It is the gate Beautiful. Of those who read not the letter, but the spirit, the cardinal principle is that a figure is better than a fact. If Lot's wife had a special order to migrate from Sodom and seek some more moral neighborhood, and, starting to obey, she turned back and became a pillar of salt, the history contains no valuable lesson for other women and other men, unless they too should receive a special command; but if Lot's wife stood for any and every sinful and giddy woman who hesitates and falters in the path of duty, then the lesson is for all places and times, and the modern empty-minded and wicked wife is only a pillar of rock or clay, and is not a grand soul in God's exquisitely-wrought world.

Worship is for the Worshiper.

May we not say that worship is for the worshiper. It is the human heart expressing itself and their rising on this utterance to some higher feeling and higher thought. As a father, friend or savior, God wants his children's love and hymns and prayer, but we must need them more than God needs them, for He is so rich and we are so poor. We rear an altar to him, but it is in reality for our own hearts, they so deeply need all those rich feelings that accompany the flowers and the hymns and prayers.



LAST SERMON

PREACHED BY

PROFESSOR DAVID SWING

IN

Central Music Hall, Chicago, Sunday Morning, Mar. 20, '94

"LABOR SOWING TARES."

"While men slept the enemy sowed tares among the wheat."—*Matt. xiii., 25.*

It would be a happiness to all of us could we meet to-day having in our hand branches from the woods or shells from the shore where we may have recently attempted to find pleasure and rest, but the events of the last few months and the gloom of the future have stolen from prairie and seacoast their long-found charm.

The trees and the waters have for many weeks past sighed over the infirmities of our country.

To find the images of greatness we have been compelled to look into the past. When President Cleveland intervened, and, perhaps, saved this city from being plundered and burned, some men feared to thank him for such a quick intervention. July must deal very gently with criminals who are to vote in November.

Two Black Passions.

Not since 1861 has the sky been as dark as it is to-day. We have unconsciously built up within this generation

two black passions—the one is the feeling that money is the only thing worth living for, and the other is that work must hate capital. Thus the level of all society is lowered, the moneyed class by its worship of gold, the other class by its life of hate. While wealth has inflamed its possessors and worshipers there has lived and talked an army of angry orators, whose purpose has been to make the men who work in the vineyard hate the men who pay them at nightfall. In such circumstances the vineyard will soon be first a battlefield and then a desert.

It would seem that all the Christian clergy, Catholic and Protestant, and all the ethical teachers should this autumn enter into a new friendship with these two discordant classes and preach to both alike the gospel of a high humanity. The churches and pulpits of all grades possess a vast influence. They do not hold any “key of the situation” or any “balance of power;” they cannot open and close the gates of the earthly heaven and hell for America, but they possess an enormous moral force—a power that should no longer be exhausted upon little theological issues and practices. All the intellectual and spiritual resources of the pulpit should be exhausted in the effort to advance human character. Society needs speedy and large additions to both its righteousness and its common sense.

Were the City's Salvation.

What saved the country from a great calamity last July was the fact that the schoolhouse, the church, and the press of the last fifty years had quietly created an intelligence large enough to stand between the people and their ruin. When the new kind of autocrat ordered all the railway wheels to stop between the two oceans and had sat down to enjoy the silence of locomotives and iron

rails, there were so many noble and educated men in the railway service that the voice of the autocrat was the only noise that died out. It was not President Cleveland alone that came between us and a great calamity. He was aided by the high common sense of a large majority of the railway employes. The railway union of working men was not formed for a career of mingled cruelty and nonsense, but that men might help each other in honorable ways and in hours of great wrong and need.

The Heart of the Pulpit.

Nearly all clergymen stand close to the people. They are reared in the philosophy that gives bread to the hungry. The gospel of Christ is one of infinite sympathy. Men who from choice enter the ministry of the Judean religion are never so happy as when they see the laborer sit down under a good roof to a table spread with abundant food. In the life of the average clergyman a large part of his thought and public utterance and actual labor and sympathy is given to what is called the common people. The upper classes need little. There is nothing in the millionaire that appeals to the heart. The rich are so self-adequate that they may draw admiration and esteem, but not sympathy. The heart of the pulpit is freely given to the middle and lower classes. In all time the common people have attracted to themselves the most of both philosophy and poetry, but the attention and affection they won in the former times seem weak compared with the love that has been flung to them in this passing century. Under the influence of this sympathetic philosophy wages have been advanced, humane laws have been passed, the facts of health and disease have been studied, and new action has come with

new light ; and when into such an age of both inquiry and action there is projected such a scene as that of last July the spectacle does not belong to reason or humanity, but only to despotic ignorance and ill-will.

Labor Must Be Law-Abiding.

Labor may, and even must, organize, but the laborers must organize as just and law-abiding men, country-loving men, and not as bandits. The depressing memory of last July is not to be found in the fact that labor was organized, or wholly in the fact that it "struck." The strike was indeed perfectly destitute of common sense, but the chief disgrace of the hour lay in the willingness of free men to obey a central despot and join in such acts of wrong and violence as would have disgraced savages. Benevolence is humiliated that it must feed and clothe men who will break the skull or kick to insensibility the brother who wishes to earn bread for his hungry family.

It was discovered last July that some of the labor unions employ fighting men to go to and fro to hunt up and knock down those who do not join in the folly—those who are satisfied with their wages or who must work. Not every workman is a trained pugilist. So men are hired to spend the day or the week in pounding men who are noble and industrious. The cry, "I am an American," does not avail as much in Chicago as the words, "I am a Roman," availed Paul in Jerusalem. When Paul said he was a Roman the mob fell back, but when Mr. Cleveland said, "These pounded men are Americans," it was thought by some that he was not the proper person to make the remark. And yet our pulpits have for fifty years been trying to make Christians and our schools and printing presses have been trying to endow these Christians with sense.

Christ in Human Life.

Quite a number of Clergymen have banded together to preach the gospel of personal righteousness; that Christianity is Christ in human life, Christ in society, Christ in money, and Christ in work. We preachers must all come to that definition of the church. This height of thought will make us all dizzy for a time, but the quality of our old Christianity will not meet the demands of a republic. A despotism may be sustained by Catholics or Protestants, but a republic must be sustained by men.

Labor guilds are as old as work and capital, but one kind of labor guilds is new, and let us all pray that they shall not live to become old. In the darkness of the fourteenth century the young workingman looked happily forward to the day when he could be admitted into the guild of his craft. His mother and sisters looked after his habits, that his character might be above reproach. The approach to the initiation day was much like a youth's approach to the first communion. New clothes, a feast, new conduct, new inspiration, new hopes came with the hour that placed this new name upon the noble roll. But this was in the dark ages. In the close of the nineteenth century, when the heavens and earth are ablaze with the light of Christ; when love for man is written everywhere in letters of gold; when congresses of religion meet to teach us that all men are brethren, then the men who join a guild shake a bludgeon at their brother and are advised by a reckless king to buy a gun. Some men call this phenomenon a commercial disturbance. It is nothing of the kind. In the South Sea Islands it is barbarism, among the carnivorous

animals it is called ferocity, in our civilized land it is infamy.

The Organization of Unions.

It seems evident that Christianity asks laborers to be organized into societies. If a church may be organized that Christians may help each other and confer with each other about all things that pertain to the church, why may not carpenters and railway men form a union that many minds and many hearts may find what is best for the toilers in their field. The word church means a gathering of people, but if the exigencies of religion may demand an assembly so may the exigencies of a trade. But none of these assemblages can sustain any relations whatever to violence or any kind of interference with the liberty or rights of man. For a vast group of railway men to sign away their personal liberty and permit some one man to order them around as though slaves is a spectacle pitiful to look upon, but to band together for interference with the rights of man is not a mental weakness, but a crime.

It is a great task for a labor guild to study and fully learn what are the facts and the need itself. Before men quit their employers they should all know the reason of the move. After men have been idle for a winter and have come to regular work and regular pay, if they hasten to strike their reason ought to be so large that the whole world can see it. But we do things differently in enlightened America. Our men hasten to throw down tools and their wages, and at last, when starving, they ask some committee to make a microscopical search for the reason of the distress. And before this reason is known, eminent men express themselves as in full sympathy with it. All the railway wheels in America were

ordered to stop out of sympathy with a reason which a committee was looking for with a microscope. The railways were giving work to four millions of people. This work was "called off" by a man with some telegraph blanks, and the poor families supported by the Northwestern lost \$200,000, the workmen of the Illinois Central \$164,000, of the Milwaukee and St. Paul \$175,000, and thus on to the millions, all which loss was ordered from sympathy with men who were getting \$600 a year.

No Time for Despots.

Labor unions will waste their work by the millions of dollars' worth and will soil their name and ruin the sympathy of literature, art, and religion, as long as they trust their cause to hot-headed, ignorant, illogical men. Labor should have for its chieftains our Franklins or our John Stuart Mills. These should be its guide. If our land possesses no such minds, then are we on the eve of untold misfortune. When labor shall have Franklins for its walking delegates, it will enter upon a new career. Capital will confer with it. Congresses of workingmen will meet, and men will find the wages of each toiler and of each new period, but nothing can be done by a foolish despot with a club. Yes, something can be done—the Republic can be hopelessly ruined through a ruined manhood.

The wages and whole welfare of the laboring man have been much advanced in twenty-five years, but the gun and club have taken no part in this progress. Conference, thought, reason, benevolence, have accomplished the blessed task, and they will do much more when they are invited to help our race. Moral power makes laws. It shames the guilty. It dissolves adamant. It founded

the Christian church. It has civilized whole races; it has emancipated the mind; it has freed slaves.

It may easily be remembered that a London man a few years ago unveiled the wrongs inflicted upon poor young girls. This injustice did not need to be examined by a microscope. The heart of London became aflame with indignation. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Archbishop of Westminster, Cardinal Manning, the Bishop of London, Sir William Harcourt, and Sir Richard Cross flung their minds and hearts into the cause and the Parliament passed a new law for the longer and diviner protection of girls.

Power of Moral Influence.

To many labor unions all talk of moral power carries the weight of only nonsense. The moral influence theory is indeed defective, but it is the only one within human reach. If a dozen men should resolve that they have rights to seats in a street car, their theory seems good, but on getting into one of these vehicles they find the seats all taken. Unless they can club those persons out of those seats the theory of those dozen unionists is very defective. When a man resolves that he ought to sit down and then stands up, his resolution is defective. But what makes it defective? The rights of the man who is sitting down. So when a set of men resolve that they will work only for four dollars a day they hold an imperfect platform because of the rights of the men who will work for three dollars. Should a clergyman resign his pulpit because his people will not pay him \$6,000 a year his theory is incomplete, indeed, unless he can kill the preachers who will come for \$5,000. But he must go to and fro with his imperfect theory. It is spoiled by the rights of other preachers. Thus, against all labor unions

not strictly moral, the laws of the human race rise up. The rights of mankind oppose them. All society is founded upon the rights of man, not of the man who works for \$3 a day, but of the man also who works for \$1 or for any sum whatever. Any force in a labor union means anarchy. A guild without violence may be imperfect, but with violence it is infamous.

They Need Good Leaders.

Where would our city and perhaps our Nation have been in this September had not the laborers in the town of Pullman and in the whole land been for the most part law-abiding? The churches may confess the rashness of the strike, but we must forgive the mistakes of those who respected the rights of mankind and the laws of the land. Many toilers were so patient and law-abiding as to give promise of being worthy citizens of a great country. What all those workmen need is a leadership worthy of their cause or their flag.

The flag of labor is a perfectly glorious one—too grand to be carried by a fanatic or a simpleton or a criminal. Capital is nothing until labor takes hold of it. A bag will hold money, but a bag cannot transform that money into an iron road, a bridge, a train of cars, an engine. An armful of bonds did not fling the bridge over the arm of the sea at Edinburgh; the bonds of England did not join the Mediterranean to the Red Sea; gold did not erect St. Peter's at Rome, nor did it lift up any of the sublime or beautiful things in any art. Money came along and attempted to buy the canvases of angels, but it did not paint them. The millions of people who came here last summer did not come to see the millions of money, but to see what labor had done with money, and they saw a great spectacle. What domes! What arches!

What "Courts of Honor!" What canals! What statues! What machines! What pictures! What jewels! What thought! What taste! What love! And yet the whole scene was the matchless emblazonry of labor. As God manifests himself in the external objects of earth and in the millions of stars, thus man speaks by his works and in our world labor sits enthroned. Capital is a storehouse of seeds, labor is their field, their soil, their rain, and their summer time. Over a potency so vast and god-like only Wisdom herself should preside. If our age has any great men—men whose hearts are warm and pure, and whose minds are large as the world, it should ask them to preside over the tasks and wages of the laborer. Anarchy, crime, and folly should be asked to stand back. Those three demons may be called to the front when our laborers are seeking for poverty and disgrace.

Labor Hostile to Labor.

You have all heard of the hostility of capital and labor. But there is no special truth in the phrase. Labor is just as hostile to labor. The whole truth is this: Man is not anxious to spend his money. There is a saying that "the fool and his money are soon parted," but we have not reached the maxim that labor loves to make presents to labor. Did you ever know a blacksmith who was happy to pay large bills to the plumber? Are the carpenters anxious to have their tailors advance the price of a suit of clothes? Are the "walking delegates" for the plasterers anxious to pay the farmer a dollar for wheat? If reports be true there are laboring men in the West who are so hostile to the labor of their brothers that they are going to buy most all needful things in the shops of England. Thus labor is as great an enemy of labor as it is of

capital. The hostility between labor and money is a mischievous fiction gotten up by dreamers and professional grumblers, who wish to ride into office or fame by parading a love for the multitude. This false love ought soon to end its destructive career. Last June and July it cost the workingmen many millions of dollars. Had some walking delegates of Christianity told these men that labor and capital are eternal friends; that labor is the language of money, the body it assumes, the life it lives, our summer would have been full of industry and honor. How could Krupp hate the men who are doing his will in massive iron? How could Field hate the men who were laying his cable in the ocean? The church must help stamp all our industrial falsehoods into the dust and must wave over all men the flag of brotherhood.

The New Humane Philosophy.

So rapidly has friendship grown between capital and labor that a law is now before the British Parliament looking to a compensation to each laborer or his family for injuries the workingman may have received in the execution of his task. When passed, this law will each year give \$10,000,000 to the working class of the three islands. This law is not coming from the "club" or "gun," but from the Christianity of England.

This new humane philosophy has counted all the toilers who have been injured in their toil. It saw fifty-seven men killed while building the Forth bridge and one hundred and thirty die among the wheels and machines used in digging the Manchester canal. This new kindness has studied longer and found that of each 10,000 men employed on the railways fourteen are killed in a year and eighty badly crippled. In the long past there was no love that counted these dead or injured

men. A dead laborer was as a dead horse or a dead dog. The riots and destruction and barbarity of last July set back all this new friendship and made brotherly love despair of the present and future. The evil one hath done this. Endless abuse, endless complaint, endless violence, openly taught anarchy, have succeeded in making work the enemy of money. You can recall the Bible story of the person who came at night and sowed tares among the springing wheat.

The fact that the United States army had to hasten hither to save life and property cannot all be charged upon the immigrants in our land. We have of late years been producing a group of Americans who care nothing for right or wrong and who have become the masters of all the forms of abuse and discontent. It is evident that the influx of anarchists ought to cease but we must not forget the crop our Nation is growing out of its own soil. All the cities seem uniting to make law ridiculous. The alien who will sell his vote for a few shillings is not so low as the American who will prefer these votes to principles. The immigrant may act through the absence of patriotism for his new land but the American acts through total depravity.

The foreigners are generally manipulated by political confidence men who are home-made.

The Making of Christian Character.

The general theme of this morning is too large for the narrow limits of an essay, but it is possible for us to feel that our great Christian organism ought to be applied from these dark days onward to the making of the Christlike character. The church, Catholic and Protestant, has lived for all other causes, let it at last live for a high intelligence and for individual righteousness.

Literature and science and the public press will help the church. All these wide-open and anxious eyes must perceive clearly that our national and personal happiness must come from the study and obedience of that kind of ethics which became so brilliant in Palestine. Our Jewish friends need not call it Christian and our rationalized minds need not call it divine. What is desirable and essential is that its spirit shall sweep over us. Called by any name it is a perfect salvation for our country and for each soul. The time and money the church has given to metaphysical inquiry and teaching have been a total loss. In the great college courses there are studies in classic language and in high mathematics that strengthen the intellect, but no such virtue has ever been found to flow from the theological studies of the church. For hundreds of years the mind has found in these enigmas its slow doctrine. There thousands, even millions, of thinkers have found their grave. There the colossal mind of even a Pascal grew confused and weak. There great men have lost their blessed earth while they were fighting over the incomprehensible. God did not give man this globe that it might be made a desert or a battlefield, but that it might be made the great home of great men.

Kingdom of Law and Love.

As often as creeds and dogmas have detached the mind from humanity, literature and art and science have rushed in to save the precious things of society. But these agencies have done this only by carrying in prose and verse and science the laws of love, duty, and justice, by delineating man as a brother of all men and as a subject in the mighty kingdom of law and love. In an age and in a Republic marked by an amazing effort to turn

all things, all days, all life into gold, our pulpits must make a new effort to reveal and create man the spiritual being, man temperate, man studious, man a lover of justice, man the brother, man Christlike. The same science that is seeking and finding the sources of wealth and that is filling the young mind with longings to be rich can find and teach all the worth of a man as a spiritual being, and can compel a great Nation and a great manhood to spring up from the philosophy of the soul.

To reach a result so new and so great the pulpit must select new themes. It must cull them from the field where the mob raves, from the shops where men labor, from the poverty in which men die, from the office where wealth counts its millions. Even so beclouded a pagan as Virgil sang that when the mob is throwing stones and firebrands and is receiving weapons from its fury if wisdom will only become visible and speak to them they will listen and at last obey. We have the mob, it is high time for a divine wisdom to speak to it.

Our planet not only rolls on in the embrace of the laws of gravitation, of light and heat, vegetable and animal life, and in the strange encompassment of the electric ether, but it flies onward amid spiritual laws far more wonderful—laws of labor and rest, laws of mental and moral progress, laws of perfect justice and of universal love. Oh, that God, by his almighty power, may hold back our Nation from destruction for a few more perilous years, that it may learn where lie the paths in which as brothers just and loving all may walk to the most of excellence and the most of happiness.

END OF SERMON.

Another and a Greater "Gettysburg."

One pageant has passed by, but another must come. The material scene that we call "Gettysburg" or "Antietam" must all be reproduced in the spiritual domain. The first style of army has become silent. The second style of army must become eloquent. Generals and soldiers have passed from these battle fields, and the majority of them have passed from life. The great Generals have passed away from these scenes, but these falling leaders only tell what death has been doing in that larger host. As Grant and Sherman and Sheridan have become silent, thus silent have become the regiments they led. How these heroes and troops filed along in youth and power thirty years ago! They kept time on the streets of all our cities, "pouring onward to the ranks of war." What martial music filled the air! What cheers from the homes! How proud seemed the flags of the Nation, how solemn seemed the rumble of the artillery. Often all day and all night the men and the equipments of war poured along like a river in its flood. The lines of the great Italian come to memory:

It hath been long ago my destiny to see
Horsemen with martial order shifting camp,
To onset sallying or in muster ranged,
Light armed squadrons and swift foragers
Scouring thy plains, Arezzo.

Oh, what a memory beyond the power of poet's pen or painter's pencil! A scene now all sleeping in history. This first pageant gone, the second must spread before living eyes its new form of impressiveness. New leaders must come. New armies must move. New flags must wave. The soldiers of literature, the heroes of a high and noble politics, the regiments in pursuit of beauty,

the volunteers of Nazareth, the soldiers of the infinite God, the vast army of the highest happiness and the highest right, must come and march and remarch, not with guns and with garments dyed in blood, but arrayed in all the jeweled draperies of peace. These must be eloquent to atone for those who are silent; these must advance with bosom full of all high purpose, and must step with living foot and inspired heart among the three hundred thousand graves of the dead.

Pigeons and Doves.

It may be all our pigeons and doves came from some brown bird of the woods, but they will never all meet again in the unity of that brown bird. So our thousands of roses have come from one wild rose, but they can never return to that "mother bloom." So if Rome was indeed the "Mother Church" of us all, her scattered children might pause to bless her memory, but they can never find a path of return. As among the many roses there is a certain unity blessed to behold, but as their variety is everlasting, and can never be gathered up into the first leaf and first bud, so the "Mother Church" has scattered her children to the four winds of thought and will never see them around her hearthstone again. The only result to be hoped for and prayed for is that all her Protestant children may meet some day at the hearthstone of the infinite God.

The Insanity of Fanatics.

What all parties need is to be delivered from the insanity of fanatics. But inasmuch as a minority in each nation is ruled by fanaticism, and since many pulpits, both Catholic and Protestant, are filled by men whose blind passions unfit them to teach or influence any assem-

blage, the calmer minds of these two churches must make conspicuous the flag of the new Christian friendship,—a friendship that in argument can differ all day long and then sit at the same table at sunset. All the people must be taught that persecution is far away in the foolish past and that the era of wisdom and love has fully come. There is indeed a discord between the two great bodies, but compared with the bloody past the discord is changed to harmony. We cannot expect all history to be fully erased in a day, but we can expect its crimson colors to fade.

Dr. R. W. Patterson.

A very great clergyman of our city, Rev. R. W. Patterson, has just gone from life, leaving behind him a new Presbyterianism on whose fair proportions and beauties he had toiled for a half hundred years. From youth he possessed a clear vision. Born in a slave State, he could look beyond its borders and detect Liberty standing as divine as John's angel in the sun. He turned his eye toward the Calvinistic philosophy and there saw the love of God in chains more ironlike than those which held the African. Both on earth and in heaven love and justice seemed deeply disgraced. He saw also a creed which, instead of teaching the simple gospel of Jesus, exulted in the utterance of mysteries which not even an archangel could fathom. While yet a young man, only passing out of the hardships of poverty, he began to hope for and work for the higher excellence of his church. As soon as this golden century discovered some better doctrine in theology or ethics he went with it to his own sanctuary and attempted to fasten the new blossoms to its old altar. He always went softly and bowing in reverence as he went, but now looking from his grave toward those

altars, we see that the wreaths of new truth are all there. The younger pastors of the west find the sermon broader, richer, more human, more Christlike, and more spirited. Should they seek the reason of this new intelligence and of this diviner spirit they would find a part of that reason in the fact that the lofty form buried only yesterday toiled for a long time to empty the pulpit of great deformity and make it eloquent with Christian truth. His mantle need not fall upon any one mind. So rapid is the spreading of truth in our era that when this robe of an Elijah falls from heroic shoulders it is caught not by a person but by an age.

Literature too light.

Our age would be rapidly molding our eighty millions if its literature were as great as it is abundant. But the greater part of it is light. It is a love story or a joke. Its aim is the happiness of to-day and not the mighty civilization of the morrow. It has purity, indeed, and has merit, indeed, but it has the worth of silver rather than the worth of gold. We read, we enjoy, we smile, we laugh; but we put aside the volume and find our world no greater than it was before the book came. This lightness would do less harm if the new generation held that wisdom that could mingle the gay present with the tremendous past; but the new millions do not go to the past, they always run to the arms of the present. To the young there is only one June—the one just before them, but to the older hearts the Junes are many and run back to the centuries that are gone.

“When the higher politics shall come!”

When the higher politics shall come the great houses assembled at Washington will not trifle with the people

all through dark days. They will issue great open letters of sympathy and hope, and the scattered millions will feel that their law-makers are sad in their sorrow and have only one wish—to find the immediate happiness of the people.

Decoration Day.

Decoration Day comes now like our other national days—not with a roll-call of any enemies, but with a loving roll-call of friends. As in our July festival, there is no anger toward King George or Victoria, or England, so in this May celebration there is no wrath hidden or expressed for the Johnsons and Lees and Jacksons who led once the hosts who fought against the country. The prosperity of the country, its peace and greatness, and that these were bought with the life of an army now invisible in the spirit world, are the thoughts which fill these passing hours. And the God of nature helps all these memorial periods in our world, whether they lie in religion or political life, by His universal law that anger shall be temporary and good will perpetual. Nature has made storms transient, the blue sky more constant.

When Citizens are Followers of Christ.

Happy day for our world when each citizen shall be a follower of Jesus and shall have a nameless church in his own soul! His church will not need a long history because its greatness will not be back of the worshiper—a greatness mingled with blood and injustice, but this religious magnificence will all be within. Each heart will have its own priest and altar and sacraments. Its own bells of worship will ring in the soul. In that holy place perpetual chants shall sound. Then church names will be almost forgotten; and holy men and women

looking up through the blossoming trees or through their tears of joy and hope will at last read on the sky the words of Jesus: "The kingdom of God is within you."

A Touch of Satire.

Are we to suppose that the Catholics and Protestants who are now combining to suppress low-lived literature are planning to burn each other at the stake? Why toil to suppress vulgar books if these men are about to make murder a part of the gospel? When we Protestants are invited to dine with Bishop Ireland or Cardinal Gibbons must we look out for poison in our coffee? Must we carry a pistol in our dress coat? Recently the Pope has issued an order that the clergy of Spain must not attend the bull fights hereafter. Is this order issued because Leo XIII. wishes the Catholic clergy to give their undivided attention to the killing of Protestants?

Spirituos Drink the Death of Thought.

Some of the old poets thought the drinking-cup was a cup of poetry and eloquence, but the delusion has died under the accumulating witnesses of all times. Each glass of spirituous drink is the death of clear and beautiful thought. The tongue thickens, the words lose their sharp outline, the eye its flash under even the best of wines. When God made man, He declared a partnership between temperance and inspiration, and made a cup of the emblem of all clear thought.

Nature Speaking to Man.

When the lonely traveler finds himself in France or Germany, how much he wishes his lips could speak its language! Such a power would make Germany or

France seem like home. Thus education is an acquaintance with all the voices of the world. The educated mind understands the language of the fields and the forests; let the stars speak to him in familiar words; the winds come in intelligible whisperings; he understands the songs of the birds; the flowers use his soul's dialect; he is deaf and dumb no longer; he hears all sounds; he speaks all languages; the sea is eloquent; the hills poetic. This education is valuable, not only because of its relations to reading, writing and arithmetic, but also because it introduces man to the world. The plowed-up daisy drew the compassion of Robert Burns, the skylark and Shelley became friends; thus into the educated heart as into an urn the world empties all wisdom and beauty.

Kindness Cannot Cease.

If our infinite Father would mold all the millions of earth by influences forever sweet, gentle and most loving, then that kindness cannot cease. It will invade the morrow as it invaded the yesterday, and when death comes to man the hand of the Almighty in this last will be as gentle as the touch of a mother. God does not fling stones at his children. When Dante saw the divine chariot passing along on the border of heaven, a sweet light was above it and the wheels were almost blocked with flowers.

A State Church Not Possible.

The epoch of a dominant state church has passed by. It is told of an Episcopal bishop that he hoped for a day when all denominations would be one, and that one Episcopalian. There is no reason why some ardent Baptist might not cherish for his sect the same hope. What we cannot expect for the Episcopalian or the Bap-

tist we cannot expect or fear of the Roman Catholics. In barbarism minds may unite; in civilization they move toward variety. There may come a unity of hearts but not a unity of thought and doctrine. Thought open-like a fan, but it never closes again. If Rome once possessed the christian world it can never again enjoy such a possession. It is vain to call her our "mother," for when the children are old and scattered their "mother" is gone. Egypt was the "Mother of Nations." The Greek and Aryan and Hebrew worlds flowed down from the wisdom along the Nile, but Egypt cannot recall her children and enjoy again the unity she saw when the world was young. So the Latin empire became again the "Mother of States" and, after the unity of Julius Cæsar, came the children called Spain, France, England, Germany, Norway, and Sweden, but that old Latin mother can never call in these nations and change their customs back into Latin customs and their languages into the tongue spoken by Cicero. After the children have come the mother disappears.

The Human Feet Must Tramp.

To other sources of civilization must be added the pursuit of all high and noble beauty. It is admitted that the pursuit of the beautiful will not always bring virtue, but its conquests are very great. It gives to the young and the old a blessed reason of being. It makes paths that are of more attraction than those of sin. The human feet must tramp, tramp. They are sandaled for all the bright days of many a year. Art can open up before society many paths far more attractive than those of vice or crime. The educated mind is afraid of vice. Of two paths it will select the one bordered with the richer flowers.

Man's Thoughts Invisible.

In the class of the beautiful comes literature. It differs from painting, sculpture and music only in this—its thoughts have no sensual form. The eye, ear, and touch cannot find them. We can hear a sonata of Beethoven, but we cannot hear our reflections on immortality or our happiness over Virgil or Shakespeare. All is within. Man's thoughts are invisible. The painter needs a canvas, the sculptor a piece of marble, the musician a piano, but the literary taste and art need nothing but the soul. When the heart is alone its orchestra and gallery are within. The spiritual instruments are played by spiritual hands.

We Cannot Wait for Names.

The Presbyterians called themselves the "Old" and "New," but in names there is no intrinsic value. The Baptists do not say anything about "old" and "new," but if any one will read the recent papers and addresses about the contents of the Old Testament they will perceive that "New Baptists" have fully come. The age is too great to wait for names to be given. A strong, healthy, laughing baby does not refuse to grow simply because the name and baptism have not appeared. After awhile it will creep out of its cradle; it will walk and talk and run with the utmost disregard of the delay of the robed clergyman and his drops of holy, naming water. Thus the name of "New Baptist" or "New Catholic" is not of any worth. Without any advent of title these children of the nineteenth century have escaped from the cradle and are running around happy and loose.

God and the People.

In our day the danger of a religious war is made less by the fact that the Roman Church has found its greatest enemy to be contained in the words "Deism" and "unbelief." The majority of mankind is drifting toward unbelief. It was not Protestantism that took Italy away from the Papal throne. No Protestants disturbed Italy, but there came instead a political science like that of Franklin and Jefferson. Mazzini as early as 1831 organized a society called "Young Italy," Its purpose was an escape from despotism, its motto was that of Voltaire and Paine: "God and the People."

What is a Church?

The word "church" contains no longer its old significance. Civilization has broken the church into a million fragments. The words "piety," "righteousness" and "love" have expelled ecclesiasticism from its throne. Wherever two Christian hearts loving Christ and each other shall, unaided by priest or preacher, take the communion, at home or abroad, or under a tree, pine or palm, there will the true church be, because in presence of two such souls forms lose all their meaning and the words Protestant and Catholic sink. In the communion of the heart with Christ the bread and wine handed the lips by a friend is better than when offered by some unknown priest.

Harmony Born of Love.

The education of mankind tends toward variety. We now have many forms of music, because the minds of the world have moved out of the simple primitive taste. Each desirable object comes in multiplicity. The richer the soil and the summer, the more varied the products,

So as civilization advances it becomes many colored. The only place in which unity can dwell is the heart. Different men of a hundred creeds meet in the inner temple of the soul. It is the perfection of civilization to differ in thought, but to be one in a divine friendship. There is a unity of doctrine, but it is limited to a few great principles. Away from a few universal truths the harmony is composed wholly of love.

The Battle Hymns of the Republic

Out of the upheaval of the heart came with many other songs the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," whose wonderful words and music sounded in all the camps of rest and in all the marches when full of either victory or defeat. It was always an inspiration :

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
 Lord,
 He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of
 wrath are stored ;
 He hath loosed the fateful lightnings of His terrible
 swift sword ;
 His truth is march'ing on.

Of this hymn the last verse stands almost without an equal in all the known battle songs of any land :

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
 With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me,
 As he died to make men holy let us die to make men
 free,
 While God is marching on.

A poor Use of a Great Mind.

One of the worst uses to which a great mind can be put is that of caring for a tremendous estate. That

mind had better make the estate less tremendous and then have some days and years left for all the beauties of wide civilization. One of the American citizens has put a few millions into a university, and when one visits that institution and sees the groups of professors and the army of ambitious students from all parts of the world, sees all the matchless phenomena of the spiritual realm, the heart becomes full of the feeling that a rich man is ruined when he simply cares for an immense estate, and is re-created in God's image when he gives it away. Another rich man can see a wonderful institute standing before him. It scatters education to thousands. It cuts the coupons from bonds and turns them into an advanced human character. These millionaires who are thus blessing our city and our land widen their life and the public life by becoming benefactors. It is rumored that coupons when due are cut off with a pair of scissors. If this be true, no great mind ought to be only a pair of scissors. He should be a divine intellect, and possess a God-like pity for the people.

Our Nation must be Just.

If the Catholics are seeking political office they are so far pursuing their path of political right. They would be a peculiar kind of American if they were not running for office. There can be complaint, only when the persons appointed or elected favor their church to the injury of the office or the Nation. Up to this date many of these persons are appointed not because they are Catholics, but because they are Democrats or Republicans and citizens. Our Nation must be just, and it cannot be just, if it denies a Roman Catholic the right of holding any office within its confines.

Religion will no more toil alone.

Once we depended too much upon the church. It must be only one of the divine graces. It is the central figure of the group. To beauty it adds sublimity. But religion will never toil alone again. All morals, all ethics, all literature, all art, all humane teachings, all studies in college or at home, all the little circles that meet over the pages of Browning or Shakespeare or Dante, all the libraries, all the rooms full of art must combine in this assault upon the hard and insensate multitude. The people will all be transformed as the very trees danced to that magic harp of old. There need be no doubt over the result; for the plan is that of our Creator. He did not send man into this life that he might be the "food for powder," but that he might be transformed by heaven's grace.

The Barren Wars of History.

To him who walks over the fields of Waterloo or Austerlitz, or who reads of Inkerman and Balaklava, comes the sad inquiry: For what was all this carnage? Under Tennyson's poem, on the charge of the "Six Hundred," there is no massive logic to check the reader's grief. From the Russian and Turkish battlefields thirty thousand skeletons were shipped to England as bone-dust to be sold for the English fields and gardens. Of the fifteen hundred battles recorded in history few contained any bearing upon the higher philosophy of man's life. Even Waterloo offers to the thoughtful traveler nothing but sadness. If Napoleon might have become a despot his defeat at Waterloo only established other despotisms. He could not have added anything to the terrors of the Russian throne. The thinking world does not know to-

day whether Napoleon ought to have failed or ought to have triumphed on every battlefield. Thus the soldiers of Wellington and Napoleon did not know for what they were bleeding and dying. They were simply swept along by a blind passion. Lord Byron could set to his rich music the heavy far off thunder of cannon as it mingled with the "sound of revelry by night," he could express the sudden pain of friends parting never again to meet, but he could not weave into his verse any moral end of truth or right that might make the battlefield grander than all poetry, nobler than the dazzling room where "bright lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men." Victor Hugo could succeed Byron with a matchless prose and could for a hundred pages follow the leaders and troops from orchard to ravine and show us how the carnage moved from hedge out into the wheat field and along the wagon roads of Nivelles and Grenappe and across a grave yard and among the cottages of Longmont, but those pages must close in death and gloom absolute, there being no divine logic to make a pillow for the dying or an honored grave for the dead; but when the poet or historian touches those places we shall this week bedeck with flowers, the rhetoric becomes all aglow with the greater future of man, the wheat field is trampled down by patriots, the infantry advances, the cavalry dashes along, the cannons roar, the music sounds, the flags wave in the name of a universal liberty. When the battle opened men were slaves; when the battle closed they were free.

The Sirens round the Boat of Ulysses.

No man ever surpassed John Stuart Mill in the department of pure reason. His books remind one of those fields in Italy where it was fabled that some

earthly giants fought against heaven, and the upper deities rained stones down on the wicked men until all the terrestrial warriors had sunk ; and to this day no plow can pass through the field, so thick lie the masses of rock. Thus Mr. Mill flung reason's rocks down upon our half crazy world. But here the comparison ends, for his reason acted in perpetual kindness, and instead of crushing humanity it healed many hearts that were half broken. It is probable, could the whole truth be known, that this passing generation is so full of all kinds of allurements that the culture of reason is not so popular as it was a generation ago. In the rapid advance of wealth amusement has assumed enormous proportions ; the appetites have increased in number and in power ; many new pleasures have been invented ; literature has become not solid, but delightful ; novels are the books which sell best. The philosophic life has been displaced by the gay life, or the vague, dreamy life. If these appearances are real they form a dark cloud over the heads of our young men, for this philosophy, this reason is a friend which no generation and an individual has ever slighted with impunity. When his soldiers feared that Ulysses would forget reason and listen to the sirens, they tied him fast to the shipmast until the vessel had sailed beyond the islands of blind passion. But those sirens sang around the boat of Ulysses for only a few hours, but here they sing around our youth for more than twenty years. If in all that time they once part company with reason their ship is wrecked. Reason is no beautiful thing which we may admire or dislike as we may choose. It is not a song which you may hear or sing, or leave unsung. Reason is man's breath ; it is his soul ; his heart. He must possess it or die.

Flowers in the Name of a New Greatness.

This week flowers will be flung down not only in memory of the dead but in the name of a new greatness. Memory and Hope will go hand in hand to these abodes of silence. Tears and gladness will mingle—tears because the soldier sleeps, gladness because a new moral greatness lives. When recently a woman's convention was held in our East the South was there in a new mental enthusiasm and mental beauty. The intellectual power of old and new England is spreading Southward and the land once adorned only with orange blossoms and fair skies and beautiful faces is to receive from this day onward the blessed decorations of the intellect and the soul.

On the Quick March.

The men who are occupying Presbyterian pulpits and who are holding the newer interpretation of old terms may well feel that their great body of preachers is moving with quick step when one thinks of the usual gait of new ideas. No school of thinkers ever moved forward more rapidly than the Presbyterian Church has moved in thirty years. It has left behind a wonderful amount of false teaching. If that church now taught its old dogma of eternal pain for all save the few elect, or if it taught that negro bondage were divine those dissenting ought to be impatient because such teachings are not only false, but they are immoral, and should not be suffered to poison the world's air, but the new views about the Bible and as to the nature of inspiration are not inwoven with the idea of perdition for infants and bondage for the negro. The orthodox idea of creation and of Noah's ark is perhaps false, but it is not disgraceful. To overthrow that old idea the preachers need not

run. The new thought may advance leisurely. There is no harm in the idea that it once rained forty days and forty nights, and that the mountains were covered by the great rise of the streams.

What is "Breadth?"

In our day, whoever speaks of "breadth" and "new truth" as related to the church ought to define his terms. The "breadth" that must be patient is not that wide humanity that loves and helps all the race and that rejoices in all that high morality that makes a noble self and a noble society. An atheist may possess this "breadth," and may thus possess a jewel for mind and heart. The Christian breadth is a quality of that mind which is toiling inside of the terms "Jesus" and "God." It is such a widening of thought as asks man only to imitate the man of Nazareth and be a worshiper of God. The Liberalists who convened in this city recently did not make religion an essential part of their doctrine or their sentiment. Their "breadth" is that of the up-right life—an end great beyond estimate. The Christian "breadth" differs from that of the Liberalists only in asking the heart to be a follower of Jesus and a worshiper of the Infinite. Happy nation should both these forms of "breadth" traverse all the rivers, and lakes, and fields and leave no home untouched by one of these two gospels of moral beauty! Happy the soul that, unable to care for an altar of worship, shall deeply love and perfectly obey the sublime ethics of the universe!

Times Have Changed Since the Year 1208.

Many of the most thoughtless and fiery of the Protestants do not seem to know that "times change and that all in them is changed." They repeat the bloody words

"Waldenses" and "Albigenses" as though the Catholics had assailed those sects last spring or last summer. That persecution took place about 1208, almost seven hundred years ago. It ought to be confessed that the Roman Church has made some moral progress since that date. That church was then just emerging from the dark ages; and if its monks and priests had helped create that long night they must have the credit of helping dispel afterward the thick mass of darkness. The great Dante and his companions came 300 years before Martin Luther. Chaucer, who laid the foundations of the English literature, was a Catholic. So Petrarch was laying the stones of a new Italy before Protestantism was born.

Luther a Fragment.

As the expansion of classic thought and the growth of university life made Luther and Melanchthon, so these influences brought into being and into action a wonderful group of new-school Catholics. The new learning that ended the dark ages and laid the basis of Protestantism went far and wide and called into life and stored away in history such giants as Bossuet, Massillon, Bourdaloue, Fenelon and Mme. Guion. All these eminent literary names were crowned by the same hands as those that crowned Luther and Calvin. These two ran out of the church to speak and act; Bossuet and Fenelon remained inside the old temple. Bossuet and Massillon declaimed in the style of Demosthenes, Fenelon wrote in the style of the Odyssey, of Homer. The middle ages were far away. The scenery around St. Augustine was faded from sight. In the Roman Church and out of it the landscape was all new. Cardinal Ximenes, of Spain, came near being a forerunner of Luther, thus showing us that

Luther was a fragment thrown off by a revolving wheel. There has been little violence in Christianity since the close of the seventeenth century. Bloody spots may be found indeed, but after the great French group of preachers had passed by, Romanism never returned to the rack and the stake. Pascal had helped to destroy the Jesuits. The Inquisition had been abolished. Even Louis XIX. would not restore such a court of horrors. France created a new local Romanism, and the Catholic Church at large never lost the mental and moral impulse given it by the scholars and clergy of France. So rationalized had France become that it brought science to our age and re-inspired the whole literature of our race.

True Greatness Comes Slowly.

A new manhood and a new womanhood can come but slowly, because the soul in its long sleep has had a mountain heaped upon its bosom. It cannot waken quickly and spring up like a lark from the wet grass. It is like Enceladus, who lay with Mount Ætna on his heart. He must dissolve the great mountain slowly and scatter its ashes afar over Sicily and the sea. Thus all the old humanity lies under the awful mass of antiquity. The earth must tremble for long days before the imprisoned soul can go free. The new principles and the new privileges are slowly creating a greater civilization.

The True Source of a "New Era."

When man speaks of a new era he must use the words "make" and "create." A new era does not grow like a tree nor rise like a tide. Man can watch a tree from year to year, or he can sit down and mark the rising tide, but a new era he must create. He must watch only so far as he works. This strange tide rolls in only at man's

bidding. As a song will not sing itself, as a statue will not hew itself out of marble, so a new age will not come of its own will out of the places where our soldiers fell. This high tide will roll in from the human hearts that are here in life.

Self-Denial.

For many centuries the Christian estimate of man's life was inadequate. Solemnity was never a full justification of the human family. Solemnity is neither a virtue nor a vice. One cannot live for it. Weeping cannot possibly be a human goal. God would not create a world that it might weep. Nor is self-denial an explanation of rational life on this globe. We admire the self-denial of a poor mother who toils hard and eats and sleeps little that her children may the better live, but we all regret that that poor mother could not have enjoyed ten times as much sunshine as fell upon her heart.

Christ was the man of sorrows, but not because self-denial is the reason of being. Times may become so dark and oppressive that the salvation of the many can come only through the sufferings of the few, but the universe was not made for the general display of dark and oppressive times. Self-denial is not, therefore, the ultimate ideal of man. Self-denial assumes the misfortunes of other people, but the other people must finally rise above those misfortunes, and thus end the empire of self-abnegation. Self-denial must follow us through infancy, but what is to be with us and stay with us after we have become men? Nothing, therefore, will explain the human race except the many-sided greatness and happiness of each individual. The former Christian times all came short of finding adequate aims of society. The three years of Jesus were not a perfect picture of

human life. They were a sublime picture of man, as caught in a storm and as saving ship and crew, but in the uncounted years of that Son of God there is no crown of thorns. He wept for one night in a gloomy garden, but in the matchless sweep of his existence there are no tears. Thus we perceive that the existence of man is to be explained only by the greatness and completeness of his ideals. It is not enough for a man if he is a good judge of pictures, for it may be that he drinks twenty glasses of beer a day and pays the family servant girl only \$2 a week. The human ideals must grow more numerous and more adequate, that they may make a complete manhood and womanhood.

“Universalism Giving Place to Christian.”

To this society time has brought a great change of scenery. Little remains now of that eternal fire and torment that helped make Universalism so logical and welcome in its early years. The old orthodox churches have bartered away their fiery perdition for the doctrine of such a fair form of punishment as may harmonize most with the character of the infinite God. It is not probable that orthodoxy claims that any punishment will be eternal. All wicked souls may at last emerge from the cloud, and take their place in the realm of light. Eternity has of late years become so long and so unknown that not many Christians remain who feel willing to make a declaration about a punishment that will go on forever. Nearly all Episcopalians and Presbyterians, in thinking of future punishment, have in mind only a vast sweep of years. They do not insist upon that eternal burning that was so welcome a thought in the times of our fathers. The word Universalist has thus lost its import, the awful hell against which it

raised its protest having passed away, and the love and equity of God having come. All things are ready now for the word Universalism to give place to the word Christian. It has been in favor of Universalism that it has not formally declared Christ to be only human. It has permitted its pulpit and people to believe in some divine mediation; to believe in an incarnate love that made hell impossible in a God-formed universe. Of the unorthodox churches it has been the most simple and the most attractive in theory, but as to numerical power it has suffered by the fact that Unitarianism preceded it in time, and caught in its gospel net a vast multitude that would have found a spiritual home in the latter creed. It was a beautiful Ruth, but in a field where others had gleaned.

On Both Banks of the Ohio.

Our soldiers' graves all lie on a dividing line between an old and a new era. That line which so long ran between the North and the South, and that made the flowers of one bank of the Ohio grow for imperfect freemen, and those of the other bank grow for absolute slaves, has been blotted out. It was a line drawn by man's early folly, and by man's later tears it was erased. The monument reared in memory of that old line is the tombs of our soldiers. At last, on both banks of the Ohio, the flowers are plucked by hands that wear no chain. Thus at these tombs begins a new era. All things are touched with a new light; all hearts beat with a new inspiration.

Let Us be Kind to Young Ideas.

Our world is founded upon the cumulative plan. All good things keep adding interest to principal and soon a handful of gold becomes a fortune. In moral things

this is more true than in physical things. We must stand by reforms in their early and weak days, because thus must begin the new ideas that are to overturn a despotism or regenerate a republic. It used to be taught us that the storks were so kind as to carry their young on their backs. The mother storks did this for a day because on the morrow the young would fly. Thus man must be kind to all young ideas. He must carry food to them and shelter them against the storm. Tomorrow those ideas will rise in their strength and fly with their own wings. If you will refer back a half century you will then see how ideas have moved from mere existence up to active life. You will see the first effort of a woman to say something in public. You will see education passing from the few to the many. You will see a few tears falling for the slave. One heart in a thousand is touched with pity. You will see a hint somewhere about humanity to dumb animals. You will see some gentle protest against the cruel rod of the school-master.

"All Days Cannot be Fair."

We all long to be perfectly happy, but as a Nation we must accept of a part of the sorrows of the human race, and along with England and the Netherlands and France, go down at times into the valley of humiliation. Not all paths can be flowery, not all days fair. The distresses of to-day are light compared with the awful bloodshed of the bygone years. The soldiers who died for this Nation will find their deeds and their graves all justified again in the near future. We need not lay our flowers upon the failures of this little season ; but rather upon the few great past years, and upon the noble future that will surely come. Gold may go away from us ; trade may

fluctuate and almost fail ; ships may not or may carry foreign flags ; hungry men may march the streets in the name of some public injustice or of their own infinite folly, and yet under this distress our Nation may lie in a greatness such as mankind never saw. Even from all the painful facts that surround us, we must all emerge, carrying in our hands blossoms for the soldiers' graves. The blood of the Christian martyrs did not insure the Church against mistakes. After all the noble disciples and apostles around Jesus had died for the simple gospel of their Master, the Church went into a long course of folly and crime, but yet long afterward the martyrs' blood became the rich soil of new flowers. Those Christian martyrs died to establish principles, and as the sun comes back after storms, so after each crime and folly of the Church back came tombs of the apostles and the memory of Christ. Thus the heroic lives of our soldiers did not make future folly impossible, but they made the Nation so thoughtful and great that it cannot easily sink under the misfortunes of a few years. Under the vice, crime and incapacity that now hold sway in the cities and the Nation, there is lying a sublime example of patriotism which asks for lilies from full hands. Patriotism in the tomb has often fought against a living vice and ignorance. When the present loses all great speech, the dead often become eloquent.

Let Us Be Patient.

We must not be depressed to despair over the shortcomings of these passing years. The spots on the sun are thought to be caused by some vast volume of substance that has fallen into it, and has not yet become a part of its fire. Slowly the sun conquers the dark mass and compels the black spot of yesterday to go out in sunbeams

to-morrow. Thus in our Nation there is an infinite power that may at last make the black spots of this hour become a part of some new day of outpoured light. All hearts that desire to create and enjoy a great Nation, possess in the United States a stored-up force that may be led hither and thither for man's happiness, as the Nile is led to ten thousand waiting gardens and waiting fields. All is ready for the touch of new will power and new genius.

Music the Sister of Religion.

Music is almost matchless in its power to awaken the slumbering feelings of the soul. It has no definite language. The same piece will carry new life to one and will seem like a dance of happy spirits, and to another will come as in the pensiveness of a dying hour, and will cause to come before us the faces of the loved dead, and will make one wish to be with the dead beyond the tomb in the grass. Music is an urn into which each heart empties its own self. But it is not alone in this. Religion is its sister, only more gifted in mind and soul. Hence, into the words of St. John, into his graceful vases of language the heart of the humblest man may go and pour its own hopes and sorrows, and while yet upon the shores of earth in body may be carried away to paradise. The Apocalypse is only the solemn music of futurity sounding for us all. The words are indistinct, but we remember now that the most impressive music is written wholly without words.

Neglected Children.

There is something very touching in the condition of those children and youths whose parents have no education nor taste, and who, therefore, cannot open to their children any gates except those of hard labor and rude

usage and vice. There are millions of these in the Christian nations for whom there is no church, nor school, nor book, nor hand of elevated friendship. In all their early years, there is no one to point them to the beauties of nature and art, no one to teach them to read the pages of knowledge, no one to teach them a song of pathos and kindness, or any of the holier hymns of religion.

Fallible Workmen.

God would rather an imperfect man should teach divine lessons than that a few men should be made perfect by miracle. The Bible therefore takes its place in the arena of fallible workmen and bears some traces of having been made by beings who needed a part of the forgiveness and penitence which they have taught to mankind.

The Times "Out of joint."

Our intellectual advance is far more rapid than our moral advance, and we have thus found more evils than we can abate, can perceive more sorrows than we are willing to cure. The development of the modern man and woman is intellectual more than spiritual, and this throws our age out of balance, or, as some express it, we have "times out of joint." When a carpenter finds his timber too short for the intended reach, or too narrow, when a harmony of timbers or beams or boards is impossible, all fail because being "out of joint." Thus our era is crippled by this inequality of material. The virtue of the age is too small for the brains of the age, and, as a result, we are all gathering up facts and forces more rapidly than we are gathering happiness or goodness, and might easily become, as was rhetorically said of Bacon, "greatest, wisest and meanest" of ages.

The Ratchet on the Wheel of Progress.

When our continent passes before us in review, our sufferings to-day seem only a part of the long human calamity. If civilization is the gradual mitigation of a hard lot then we are not standing still. We are advancing, but the mind is such an infinite thing that it is capable of an infinite folly. If we should kill one folly a year it would take us a century to become eminently respectable. The mind is a beautiful thing at last when finished, but it takes a Nation a long time to reach that finish. A small minority of persons can soon reach a terrestrial perfection, but he must possess great patience who would wait for the majority to catch up. Six hundred Emersons or Whittiers would not steal a railway train that they might go and beg the Nation to be honorable; but the population of the country is 70,000,000, and at least one-half of these are below the Emerson standard of light and conscience. But the enlightened crowd grows larger constantly, just as art tends toward more and more of beauty. As society advances, it treasures up its progress in the storehouse of law. In the world of machinery there is a part known by the name of a ratchet. When a vast load is being lifted, or a car full of human life is being dragged up a steep incline, the sound of this iron arm is as delightful as music. It will hold the car from falling or running back. When a hundred feet have been gained, the powerful arm holds the gain and lets the car pass on to a hundred and one, and two, and ten. Thus law is the ratchet upon the wheel of our progress. When we have risen to a good height this arm falls into a notch to hold us from falling back into the abyss. When man has risen this law holds his gain.

A Sad Divorce.

The sad divorce between thinking and doing. Thousands are sitting in the schools, other thousands are hidden away in silent rooms that they may acquire the art of uttering well good thoughts in prose or poetry, in oration or essay. Never before was our earth so covered over with the rich drapery of learning and wisdom and romance. Even the sleeping literature of the old East has been translated into our language, and thus Asia and China and Persia speak over again the words that fell like manna many centuries ago. This June month cannot weave for the prairies a vestment of grass and flowers richer than that robe of high thought which the past has woven for the nineteenth century.

"Land-Owner" and "Brain-Owner."

Along comes a lad with more brains than is enjoyed by his brother, and while one Beethoven proudly signs himself "Land-owner," to keep the world from confounding him with his poor musical brother, the brother signs himself "Brain-owner," and the balance is fully struck. Thus out of the strange laboratory of nature issue two tribes, "land-owners" and "brain-owners," and then a third tribe that are neither. Very busy is this earth, all the while dividing its children up into parcels, saying to some of them "Take beauty;" to others, "Take genius;" to others, "Take money and go your way;" and by divers paths, they all go away to the far country. In one of his poems, Dr. Holmes passes beyond the visible influence of earth and finds a fatal hand reaching down out of the unseen and shaping destiny.

From the same father's side,
From the same mother's knee,
One journeys toward a frozen tide,
One to a peaceful sea.

The Worship of Humanity.

The days of the French revolution and the half century following showed that the worship of humanity could not lift the spirit upward as it was lifted by the harp of Isaiah, or by the prayers of Epictetus, or by the holy cross of our Lord. The songs of the Red Republicans were a poor spiritual food compared with Zion's songs, which broke the hearts of Judah's daughters in a strange land, or which echoed in the "misereres" and "glorias" of the seventeenth century. The worship of humanity became a worship of food, and drink, and pleasure; and handed over to a merciful oblivion those who turned away from Heaven's God to fling their offerings upon man's altar. The votaries of this new morals never soared up to eloquence. They failed to become Pauls, ready to die for virtue, they failed to imitate Savonarola as missionaries against vice, they found no French eloquence on their lips such as had made kings penitent in the days of Bossuet and Massillon. Their religion languished as a piety and expanded only as a despair. Coming to a lofty intellect like August Comte, it only turned into a philosophic obscurity and sadness that became readily a poetry but never a salvation.

Jesus Christ Greater Than All Sects.

Above and beyond, and also through the churches, the spirit of Christ flies, like the angel that went to and fro over the heavens in St. John's vision. There is a spirit of brotherhood in Christ that even while the Church was holding slaves and was glorying in bondage, was upon the outside of the Church pleading for equality and liberty. When it could not touch the pulpit it touched a Wilberforce. When the communion table would not confess it, it spoke in music through Sumner

and Stuart Mill. Jesus Christ has always been larger than any existing sect, or all sects, and as the sun shines upon the earth, and besides pours his flood around it and beyond it, touching other planets and emptying oceans of light into the great formless void, so Christ has blessed the Church so far as it would receive His gifts, and then has poured His love around it and beyond it, where the statesmen have sat in council without any creed or any prayer.

Let Our Politics be Intelligible.

It is a common law of rhetoric that no great speech, no great essay, no great poem needs an expert interpreter. Its meaning comes only too rapidly to the heart. The reader or hearer has not time to keep back his tears. He is smitten in an instant. He cries or laughs without the help of a trained nurse. So in our world of politics we want no vagueness in our pleadings, no Calvinistic incomprehensibility in our crusades. One would as soon die for the philosophy of Hegel as for that of Henry George. If a hero must die for a philosophy it ought to be permitted him to understand it before dying. This permission would indeed subject nearly all martyrdom to a great postponement. It would be almost a gift of eternal youth.

Success to the Civic Federation.

May great success come to the Civic Federation, which is attempting to redeem this city from the grasp of those men in office and out of office, who, being Romanists, disgrace Rome's altar, or, being Protestants, disgrace all humanity! Nothing is so beautiful as the face of the Redeemer; but each man and woman who leads toward a higher life, is a redeemer of our race. Christ was a fountain of redemption, but humanity at large composes

the great flood. Each noble soul, each good book, each great picture, each piece of high music, is a redeemer, and when the soul, young or mature, has once started toward its salvation, then each field, each forest, becomes a page in its divine book, and each bird song a revival hymn, sweet as those of the old Methodists.

We All Need Special Care.

Each class of mankind needs its own peculiar treatment. When a new form of human soul comes along, a new school-house, new politics, a new religion, must be made for this new soul. The laws of Persia would not be obeyed by Americans. Our upper classes would not tend a Roman theater. Our soldiers would not go into battle as the Persians went, with a driver and a lash behind each squad. As fast as new men come, their surroundings must become new, just as Paul, when a child saw as a child and spoke as a child, but passing into manhood, he put away childish things. While a child, Paul saw the sky as a blue arch within a stone's throw of his hand, but when he became a man his mind pushed back the canopy and made it the far-off encampment of God. Thus, as a class of men or a whole age moves forward, the scenery changes as around a flying train, and what was passes away.

Man Born to Greatness as Well as Trouble.

Must we see the path of eloquence all deserted ; the land empty of great men ; the pulpit weakened ; great politics abandoned ; the country half forgotten that our most ambitious hearts may keep the great books of large property ? We, indeed, should all wish our troubles to cease, but we all ought to wish that when prosperity shall come back it will bring with it an uprising of the heart. The infinite wealth of this Nation must struggle

onward toward an infinite richness of its humanity. Out of the old fact of human troubles, their abundance and bitterness, came the word Savior. All through the Old Testament the blessed term comes and goes. It passed over the two classic lands, and many a statue of marble or gold or ivory arose to the memory of some one who had come between man and a misfortune. But these monuments could only proclaim a happy day as past; they could not make new happy days come. They were a beautiful memory, but not an ever-advancing philosophy. At the base of each monument back came the heart's griefs. Out of these incessant tears a new Savior was at last born. He is the Savior of to-day and to-morrow; not a monument, but a life. Man was not only born to trouble, as the sparks to fly upward, but he was also born to greatness and joy, if only some Savior will beat down the wild thorns and let the lilies live. Joy loves to fly upward like sparks from the fire. When the moral Savior comes troubles pass away and human life grows triumphant. Through him the troubles of wealth would give place to a blessed benevolence; the troubles of the State would be modified by the advent of honor in all the humble and great offices, and by a holier brotherhood among men; the troubles of the drunkard would pass away at the bidding of the blameless life; the troubles of sin would disappear in a full forgiveness and a new virtue; the troubles of poverty would almost be destroyed by the divine simplicity of life, and even the trouble which death pours into the heart would be only a light cloud which the love of God would dissolve. Man is born to trouble, but the civilization which Jesus offers will command society to be born to ten thousand joys.

Emilio Castelar.

Emilio Castelar is the Voltaire and the Cavour of Spain. He led that land to the borders of a republic, but it has swung part way back. In his chapter written on an evening on the Grand Canal in Venice, he gives his conversation with a priest. "Very well," said the priest, "our age, then, does not believe in miracles?" "It is right," replied Castelar; "its acquaintance with nature's laws has convinced it that these laws cannot for an instant be interrupted. We may enjoy all the beautiful things of religion, but the mind must look through them at last and rest upon science alone." Such was the man who for a time held Spain in his kind hand.

Toiling in Vain.

It is no pleasing outlook of life if, after one has given his days of work and sorrow to doctrines, these doctrines are all to perish, to be put aside as men throw away old raiment. Why should one toil and fight and even die for the pope, or for the conservation of slavery, or for the divine right of kings, if just after us are to come generations who will build up a wide freedom without slave or pope or king upon the ruins of one's life and thought.

The Unity of Thought and Morals.

I see the unity of thought and of morals running through all animated nature. There is no difference of quality, but only of more and less. The animal who is wholly kept down in nature has no anxieties. By yielding, as he must do, to it, he is enlarged and reaches his highest point. The poor grub in the hole of a tree, by yielding itself to nature, goes blameless through its low part, and is rewarded at last, casts its filthy hull, expands

into a beautiful form with rainbow wings, and makes a part of the summer day. The Greeks call it Psyche, a manifest emblem of the soul.

Goodness and Perfection.

In order to make these three-score years yield the most of positive pleasure and of peace, at least when positive happiness is wanting, the mind must realize the full meaning of the word "good," as distinguished from the word "perfect." Here you are looking for all kinds of perfection, when you ought to be thankful for anything that is even down in the comparative degree of goodness.

Hebrew and Christian Pictures of God.

Among the ideas of earth that are most restless and most progressive and most infinite, let us confess the idea of God. As the first geographers made our earth so contemptible that a man or a turtle was an adequate foundation for its mass, so the first theologians saw God as only a hero, or a sleeping, dreaming Oriental king. Compared with the nations around, the God of the Hebrews marked a wonderful progress, and looking into the darkness around him, David truly sang his song, "For our Lord is a great God," but even his picture was far below the reality, and the world hastened to move on. Christianity came, and gave the idea of the Heavenly Father a new and wonderful impulse. The actions once attributed to Deity were repudiated by Christ, and out of that New Testament era there came a new Creator, a new Father. An idea marched rapidly forward.

Crumbling Thrones.

All this crumbling of thrones which we behold in our day, this sinking of crowned heads to the level of the

multitude, has not come without a cause. The thrones of earth were founded upon the deepest principles of selfishness. Millions of bayonets have stood in frightful lines for the king's support. The history of the last hundred years has been the history of attempts to keep up the same old despotisms. But the equality of mankind has, at the close of each battle in which kings have triumphed, come back to begin its secret abrasion of the flinty rock. No sooner have the kings exacted peace than the voice of human brotherhood has begun, like Abel's blood, to cry up from the ground; and the kings, flushed on yesterday with victory, must begin at once to invent new arms and draft new mercenaries for a fiery conflict.

A Fine Ear for Heart-Pulses.

Surely, surely the only true knowledge of our fellow-man is that which enables us to feel with him—which gives us a fine ear for the heart-pulses that are beating under the mere clothes of circumstance and opinion. Our subtlest analysis of schools and sects must miss the essential truth, unless it be lit up by the love that sees, in all forms of human thought and work, the life and death-struggles of separate human beings.

The Rich, the Poor and the Children.

We feel free to affirm that no one influence can anywhere be pointed out that will equal the power that Christ has brought to bear upon the republican principles in society. The whole soul of His religion is broad. It is man—man, not rich or poor, not crowned, not chained, but man who figures in the great Christian drama of life and death. In the religion of Jesus the rich are humiliated if riches be their idol; in the same religion

the poor are exalted if they are in the paths of righteousness. Here it was the widow with two mites outranked the Dives of purple and fine linen. Here it was the first began to be last and the last first. Those whom birth, or riches, or force, had set up in high places, began to sit uneasy on their pedestals of vanity, and slowly up rose Magdalen and all the penitents till forehead of king and forehead of subject found the level of kindred drops. In this transformation scene of the New Testament, children came to the front, and, for the first time on man's world, were made the equals of kings, orators, or philosophers. Of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Is Not All Thinking Perilous ?

Of course, there is a line where liberalism fades away into unbelief. But all thinking is perilous. The search for evidence is dangerous, for it builds up a love of proof which at last religion may fail to gratify. Liberalism may seek for the unchanging until amid the enigmas of the world, it shall cry out : " All is vanity," and confess no faith. But while the peril of the liberal spirit is great, the peril of the narrow spirit is vastly greater. For each soul marred or ruined by too much breadth, one can point to myriads rendered frightful by their assumption that the little ideas in their hands were the eternal wish of God.

Action.

Read the roll of earth's great from the present back, and it is not made up of only those wrote and spoke with elegance and genius and logic, but every alternate name is of some one who led the legions in the field of action. Poet must divide space with inventor, orator must find room for discoverer, dramatist must share

marble with the philanthropist, until at last poetry is equaled by love, and admiration is divided between the genius and the hero.

Vague, But Most Valuable.

Religion, worship, prayer, is a deep feeling rolling over the heart, as a wave upon the shore. Hence, amid the indefinite ideas of Ezekiel and St. John, the intellect indeed does not see clearly, but the soul is borne along by its own consciousness of the grand and even the thrilling in religion. Mathematics alone speaks exact words. Poetry and prophecy come with a wonderful vagueness, but the human heart flies to them because it is not information it seeks, but a new light or shadow for the heart. No one may declare what Ezekiel saw in his vision of an advancing Providence moving upon wheels within wheels and with wings of cherubim, but toward the scene the human spirit turns and feels that somewhere in the great cloud of mystery is the being of God.

The Industrious Millions.

Our flag waves over millions who are industrious, and thus they find the paths of honor and of happiness. Most of modern crime comes from the intemperate or the idle and indolent. Against the quick and utter ruin of the masses the popularity and rewards of industry are a perpetual barrier.

Wanted! a Strong Government.

We are in an interregnum when there is no government to punish crime and no powerful education to prevent the growth of criminals. Government, quick and unbending cannot be ever dispensed with. It must be as perpetual as society. Where crime is committed or

threatened, there government must reveal itself. Our Republic is a state where power has ceased to flow from kings, and has not yet begun to flow from the people.

The Heroes of the Bible.

The heroes of the Bible make up such a group of pearls as never before in history were strung upon one string. Christianity is the only queen that ever wore such a collection of gems. But she wears them right along, and has thus been unapproachable for thousands of years. And she will remain matchless in the quality of soul that lay beneath her thought. It does not seem possible that earth can ever reproduce a St. Paul or a St. John. And now, when to these beings you have added just one more whom I need not so much as name, a being who emptied an ocean of love and hope upon the world, and who has transformed the earth, making it roll out of darkness into light, you will conclude that here in the Christian records mighty souls have passed in a strange vision before us. Here are tremendous foundations, broad, deep, vast. And as though man might come some day in the vanity of the subsequent centuries and mock at the impulse or character of these men, they all died heroic deaths that the feeble critics of the nineteenth century might feel their own littleness when they should behold the thrilling ending of these lives. Paul was put to death in Rome. John was tortured and sent to die an exile. James was hurled from a battlement in Jerusalem and crushed to death. Simon Zelotes was put to death in Persia, where also Jude was tortured to the death. Matthew was slain by a mob in Abyssinia. Thomas was killed in Coromandel. Philip was hanged upon a pillar in Hierapolis. Andrew was crucified at Patraca, and James the Less in Asia. As for the one

Name towering above all, He was crucified on Mount Calvary between two thieves. Into such holy hearts did God pour the truths, the hopes, the joys and sorrows of our religion.

Greatness of Spirit.

The spirit of man must mean the great drift or current of his life. If he is said to have a great spirit, it must be that all the days and hours of his life, arising in the hidden recesses of the soul, among the unseen hills of its adamant or jasper, at once set forth upon a long journey toward the noon of love and light, that infinite gulf, sweeter than Mexican sea, murmuring in hymn and benediction as the flow. It is said that Fenelon revealed a lofty spirit. This is affirmed of Chalmers. The world says the same of Joan d'Arc. It thinks the same of L'Ouverture. Of such mighty souls the pages of history hold just enough to help us in the study of this word "spirit." As history marches along it will meet with more of these noble children, and when at last the Son of Man shall come in his final glory He will find all the children of earth standing before Him happy in a greatness of spirit.

The Dawn of Brotherhood.

When Christ lived His sublime life, and passed by the purple robes of a Pilate and a Herod, and loved such characters as John and Luke; when He passed by those mighty in violence and gave His hand to those beautiful in soul, the world began to become a brotherhood of which the soul was to be the only essential element, the condition of full membership.

Changes in the Path of Progress.

Any one looking at Christianity will perceive that it moves forward amid two sets of facts ; that the facts of one class are changeable as the clouds upon the sky ; that the facts of the other class are permanent as the deep blue back of the clouds. It is known to all the lovers of nature that the clouds never repeat their forms in the West. Never twice does the setting sun give the admiring world the same picture. Thus, in Christianity, no two eras arrange alike the religious details. The revivals, the service, the sermons, the prayers, the hymns, the music, the ceremonies, change like the toilet of the worshipers. More than this, doctrines change, and out of a hundred ideas that enter an age, only a tenth will come forth meaning what they meant, or retaining the love they enjoyed when they passed into the gates of the epoch. Ideas rush into a century much like the "charge of the six hundred." Beautiful is their equipment, bright their armor, nodding and white their plumes ; but after the thunder of battle has passed by, how few are the warrior truths that remain ! The field is covered with the dead.

Idleness Fatal to a State.

Occupation does more for morals and happiness than can be accomplished by laws and police, and if our government cannot execute well its laws, it has built up an industry which is bringing sobriety and happiness to many. If liberty and idleness had come together to found this republic, it would be either dead now or would be in death's final struggle. For nothing can be more rapidly fatal to a state than bad officials and an idle populace.

The Vastness of the Universe.

The vastness of the universe renders foolish the supposition that this little planet is the only inhabited one; and the unity of laws and of substances asks us to imagine the beings upon other spheres to be moving to and fro in the likeness of man, speaking a language and busied by the useful and the beautiful. We may even assume that such is the oneness of intelligent life that if these inhabitants of different planets were to meet in some general home in immortality, they would prove to be of one race,—a human race having different minor details of history, but all members of one brotherhood, and capable of one friendship, one virtue, one taste, one piety,—ten thousand worlds full of one music, one art, one tenderness, one virtue, one creature,—man,—one God.

Modern Revivalists and Hebrew Prophets.

This group of Hebrews differed from the modern evangelists in this, that the evangelists have their eyes fixed upon heaven, while the Hebrews toiled for the happiness and greatness of their nation. The difference between a modern revivalist and a Hebrew prophet is the difference between Whitfield and Edmund Burke. Both those men were religious, and each pursued a great path, but the paths were not one and the same. Whitfield's heart was full of all that is beyond the grave; Mr. Burke's heart was busy with all that is noble on this side. The revivalist says, "perhaps you will die to-night;" the Hebrew prophets said, "perhaps you will be here to-morrow. Your vices will harm your children to the third and fourth generation." If any one broke the Hebrew command about graven images God's wrath would follow that offender, not into eternity but in his

family on earth for three generations. If children honored their parents their days in this world would be long. Long would such children wander in the hills and fields of Judea. The revivalist sings :

“Lo ! on a narrow neck of land,
Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible !
A moment’s time, a point in space
Removes me to the heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.”

In the sad hours of the prophets their tears gushed out of the thought that the King of Kings would “cut off their horses, would destroy their chariots, would cut down their cities and throw down all their strongholds ; they should sow but not reap, press out the olive oil but not use it, grow vines but not gather the grapes. Their heaven was to be the splendor of Jerusalem, their hell was found in that day when enemies should beat down her gates. Both utterances are great—that of the modern Christian and that of the old Hebrew—but one is the greatness of death, its suddenness and mystery ; the other is the greatness which is wrapped up in the destiny of an educated and happy people. Cardinal Newman was great in his hymn which closes with the words:

“And in the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.”

but so was the last sentence of the Hebrew Malachi, “that unless fathers and children were faithful to their God he would smite their land with a curse.” The modern mind was thinking about the human soul in its last last hour, the ancient was dreaming about a blessed or ruined country.

Good Out of Nazareth.

The proverb that no good could come out of Nazareth, once met with a wonderful rebuke. Out of a land so unpromising came a Christ. Out of the Roman Church, notwithstanding the dark stains upon its character, there have in all the old centuries shone forth at times rays of beautiful light, as when the sun gleams out from among the clouds. From that Church came Fenelon, Massillon, Guyon, names that would not by comparison disgrace the holiest ones of the human race. And particularly in this land, from the Gulf to the Canadas, have the holy fathers trodden when other hearts quailed before the dangers and the depressing solitudes of this once desolate world. The Indians of the Canadas differ to-day from the blood-thirsty, brutal Sioux, because, led by the Catholic priests, the Northern tribes, before you and I were born, learned to look at the crucifix and bow in prayer. Out of the old Catholic Church came Xavier. Rich in gold, but richer still in spirit, high by titles of rank, but higher still by that manhood which Christ confers, nothing offered him happiness but the wide search for souls.

The Hindoo's Countless Gods.

It is evident that when the Creator formed man he placed within him a religious sentiment, a sense of a superior existence, and this being the nature of the subjective mind, the outer realm became at once peopled with supernatural creatures. As the fever-stricken dream of fountains of water, so the religious nature of man dreams of gods. In its ignorant age it sees deity in wood or stone, and sees hundreds or thousands of them. The modern Hindoo says he believes in three hundred millions of gods. This confession is valuable, for it shows the inner religious sentiment looking out of the mind.

Woman an Eccentric Character.

The convention of woman's clubs awakens thoughts of that day, not far off, when here and there a woman dared publish some words in favor of a wider liberty and arena for her race. When a woman spoke in the name of her cause, her audience was small and otherwise insignificant. A few persons of some standing tip-toed their way into a back seat and then took pains to explain that they were present in the name of a passing curiosity. With a great scholarly snicker they would explain next day to the village parson that they went last night to hear that woman speak; went just for fun; but heard some things that were not so bad after all. To which confessions the parson would say kindly: "She is an eccentric character, very fond of notoriety, wants to see her name in the newspaper." And having uttered such profound words, the preacher would hurry on to the village printing office to hand in his theme of discourse for the next Sunday.

No Need to Lay in Firearms.

In the presence of the slight disturbances, now existing between Protestants and Catholics, a discord which has induced some of these church people to lay in a store of firearms as though a civil war were about to begin, it must be remembered that the same Nation and century that are making new Calvinists and new Methodists, are making new Catholics. Nothing could persuade our era to reconstruct a Presbyterian and pass by the children of the Pope. We might as well ask our Roman Archbishop if any snow fell not long since around his cathedral. It was banked up ten feet high against all the Protestant walls. Were the Catholics omitted by that Monday drift? Thus when education, kindness, and Christian

fellowship, and all charity come by what form of logic do we conclude that the children of Rome catch no part of this outpoured good? Inasmuch as many millions of that host come from the poverty and injustice of the old despotisms they may not be as sensitive as the native Americans to the touch of the new dispensation, but the new air and new sunshine cannot overlook these living hearts. So rapid and great is the pressure of a new world upon all the minds within its confines, that a few years ago, when our country fought against dismemberment, thousands of Catholics hastened to fight and die for her flag. Some of these men had not been here many years, but the spirit of the Republic had crept over them. Quite a number of our officers had from childhood said their prayers at the Catholic shrine.

Jeremiah's Tears.

Many thoughts might arise over this fact—the unvarying theocracy of old empires—but it is lesson enough for the hour to remember that Isaiah, and Daniel, and John of the wilderness were not simple religionists, they were the ordinary statesmen of the people. Isaiah, Daniel and all the great Hebrews had in mind a righteous and blessed national life. They were not revivalists in the recent sense of that term; they were reformers more after the likeness of the recent Penns, and Cobdens, and Brights, with only this difference, the Hebrews were statesmen in a nation where God was king. Those statesmen were all religious statesmen. The Jeremiahs were created by national vices, just as our Wilberforce was created by slavery, and our Henry Bergh by the age's inhumanity towards brutes. Open Jeremiah at random, and he is seen crying out: “Oh, that my head were a fountain of tears, that I might weep

day and night for the slain of my people ! Oh, that I might find in the wilderness a lodging place for wanderers, that I might leave my people and go from them, for they are all false, an assembly of treacherous men. They bend their tounge as their bow for falsehood. They have grown strong, but not for the truth. They go from evil to evil. Every one is watching his neighbor. No brother trusts brother. Every neighbor will go about with his slanders, they have taught their tongue to speak lies * * * * * Woe unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness, his chambers by injustice, that useth his neighbor's labor without wages, giving him not his hire ; that saith : I will build me a wide house with large chambers, I will line it with cedar and paint it with vermillion. Shalt thou reign because thou mayest excel in cedar ? Did not thy father do judgment and justice ? Then was it well with him. He judged the cause of the poor and needy. But thine eyes turn toward oppression, blood and all violence. At last no one shall call the brother ; no one shall lament thee ; thou shalt be drawn and cast forth beyond the gates of Jerusalem and shalt receive the burial of a dead ass.' " Thus Jeremiah muttered and thundered, raved and wept over the sins which were sinking into misery and infamy the nation so many noble men had deeply loved. He was necessarily a mind of great purity and susceptibility and could not but turn into a lamentation the dishonesty and weakness of the time.

The Name "United States" 2 New Name.

A nation, like an individual, has its hours of ill health, days when the heart fears that it may be on the border of death. But only as centuries can make a great nation

live, so nothing but long illness can make it die. Many of our early years were lived under the name of England. Then was wrought out our language, then our literature was written. The name United States is only a new name. It is no measure of our lifetime. Our principles are all venerable. The troubles of to-day are not great enough to threaten the life of the State. What enormous calamities are liable to settle down upon the career of a State. Think of England from the times of King John to the eighteenth century—almost five hundred years of battle. Think of the Netherlands. And then to these troubles of nations add all the bloody tumults of France. Compared with these pages of history our Republic is enjoying a profound peace. Indeed it is wonderful that our country has been able to extract so much of sunshine from a sky which in former ages was so prolific of dark storms.

Industry and Love.

The martyrs, the inventors, the missionaries from Paul to Xavier, the mighty men that have shaken the world and then made it come to their tombs to weep, have all woven their imperishable wreaths from the laws of industry and love, and faith and hope which they loved and fulfilled, and not from the criminal laws which they did not violate. If not to kill, not to steal, not to worship an idol, made great men, the road thitherward would be easy. Not here amid these criminal statutes can you and I find, therefore, the path to the best existence. We must obey them easily and always, and then seek new worlds to conquer.

The Ever Rolling Web of Life.

The educated class demand a modification of the popular religion to this extent, that it must be made to

meet the wants of this life. As men progress in education and thought, earth with all its interests becomes larger instead of smaller. The "ever unrolling web of life" expanding out into youth, manhood, womanhood, into homes by the hillside, into cities by the lake and sea, into continents, into vast literatures and arts, grows more wonderful as the human mind gathers power to grasp the great spectacle. Had we all ten times the power to perceive the greatness of our world, we should weep to-day over the sublimity of this great wave of human life. To us so far away from the planet Jupiter, it twinkles only as a large dew-drop. But could we be carried to within a few miles of its shores, we should be filled with amazement at the gigantic world into which that twinkling star would expand. Perhaps to our eye would come the vision of fields.

Where everlasting Spring abides,
And never fading flowers,

and to our ear would come, as to the Italian poet in paradise, "the rolling melody of bird-song."

God Dismissed from Human Thought.

It would be an alarming experiment if the King of Kings were to be dismissed from the minds of the people of this country, for the notion of such an infinite being is the ideal by which society measures not only its duties, but also its greatness and its hopes. The deity is the storehouse in which humanity treasures up its best thoughts. The storehouse can never become full, for however wise and kind society may become, the name of God opens to receive all the human conceptions of good. This God has always beckoned man on and on. Whether Moses looked, or Daniel, or Isaiah, or Plato, or Paul

lifted the eye to heaven, each saw a Being far beyond the knowledge or goodness of self. Wonderful treasurer of our world. He casts away our dross and retains all our gold! His angels bear man up lest he dash his foot against a stone. Cities have fallen. Their ruins adorn and solemnize the old East. The temples have fallen where the Jewish and Greek statesmen began their speeches with prayer, but the God they all worshiped, gathered up all their moral beauties and bore them onward toward the Christian period without loss.

De Troquemada.

Thomas DeToquemada performed his cruel exploits about 1480. He put to death eight thousand heretics and banished from Spain eight hundred thousand Jews; but after his day England and America stole from Africa a million negroes and worked them by force and gave them no pay for their labor. The massacre of St. Bartholomew came in 1572. The O'Neil rebellion wrought its great slaughter of Protestants in 1641. Thus the terrible exploits of the Romanists lie wholly in the far past, and if the Protestants have been made new in these later days, it cannot but be true that some new humanity and new morals have come to the church of Rome.

The Usefulness of To-day.

Let me remind you that the great outside world needs your benevolence and religion now. In twenty years the countless children and the countless poor of this city and the land will have passed beyond the valley of blessing. There is a multitude which no one can bless but you, and you can do that service only now. The good that shall come a score of years hence will come to a different throng. Those that now swarm around you

will have passed away, uneducated, uncheered, unloved. Some poetess, sitting in a lonely room and reading about the tears of love and pity that had fallen over some orphan's grave, wrote a touching rebuke in the poem, "Love me before I die."

Watching and Fighting.

The inhabitants of the earthquake lands pass many an hour of tremulous apprehension. The earth seems about to become false under foot. The sea seems about to rise in a tidal wave. When some heavy sound comes in the night strong men rise from their pillow to watch and listen. Thus the Jewish race watched and trembled and fought. Between revolts and invasions the years of peace were few. The wealth of Jerusalem made it a grand prize in a world where soldiers were only organized banditti. Against it all armies flung their forces all along from Shishak of Egypt to Cypress of Persia. "The Assyrians came down like a wolf on the fold." The chaldeans plundered and burned the temple. War, civil or defensive, came in successive waves for a thousand years, but these were not years enough to exhaust the patriotism or the power of the statesmen. They arose again and again in their majestic, divine politics, and as often lifted up the people by offering them the picture of a potentate angry or a potentate pleased, the picture of a country ruined or a Jerusalem the joy and beauty of the whole world.

Andoniram Judson.

The name of Judson may serve to illustrate the same spirit bursting forth from the Protestant world; but with this difference of scene, that at last the beauty and impressiveness of any one star is lost in the grandeur of

a whole heaven bestudded in all its blue. Judson led in the mighty works of this century, a kind of morning star running before its great sunshine. For about forty years he toiled for his fellowmen, and repeated in the the nineteenth century what Paul had done in the first, and Xavier in the sixteenth. It is all one story—love, labor, suffering, and heroic death. If you will study these three lives until your heart can see these three heroes going forth each day to their toil, you will have in your possession something that will keep ever before you the the sublime attributes of man, and will make you feel that perhaps humanity was made in the image of God.

Religion Fighting Vice Only.

Perhaps the religious world wronged all us children when we were young by leaving us to feel that God had passed for us only laws against vice. We know not where to lay the blame. But this we know, that God hovered around all these laws of sin, and when we stood away from them we seemed to stand away from any commandments which came from the Creator. All other truths of the world seemed only the ideas of philosophy or science. The holy voice of Heaven did not seem to sound through them.

New School Presbyterianism.

Much was said some years ago about a new school of Presbyterians, but the papers and the pulpits forgot to allude to any new school of carpenters, and a new school of farmers and blacksmiths. The age that affects the preacher affects the painter and sculptor. The Presbyterians hastened to adopt the word "new," but without adopting any additional adjective, the Methodists be-

came as new as the Calvinists, and the Baptists became as new as the Methodists.

Newness.

“Newness” is not a voluntary virtue. Man does not go and order it as he orders a new suit. He goes about his daily task, and the new robe comes to him. The century weaves the fabric, and fits it to the unsuspecting mortal; and all he knows is that whereas he was an old school carpenter, or blacksmith, or preacher, now he is “new school,” all fresh and shining. Like Cinderella, men little know how they exchange ashes for silk.

Old and Immortal.

It is bad indeed to be negligent as to the world far back of us, but it is worse to permit the mind to add prejudice to common neglect, and to go to such an extreme as to dislike a Moses, an Isaiah, a Paul, or an Apollos. No mind has any right to contain a prejudice. A prejudice is an intellectual infirmity. It is a confession that one does not desire to act reasonably. It is like taking refuge behind a law passed for the protection of minors. Paul, the Apostle John the Baptist, Moses, Isaiah and Daniel, ought to stand up before us in all the attractiveness of the Xenophons and Ciceros, unless we can find some good reason for looking upon the Hebrew group with less esteem. All were alike the children of our world and our race; and all were alike impressive in their day, and for reasons essentially the same. They all pursued the same means to the same ends. It was this one fact, this unity of purpose and conduct, that made all those old names immortal. If Homer wrote poetry, so did the author of the book of Job; if Socrates taught the young men a higher life, so did Daniel, so

John, the Apostle. Many names are thus all in one in the strange brotherhood of pursuit. The soul was one whether it spoke in Hebrew, or Greek, or Latin. The teachings of Jesus have reached society in perhaps fifty languages, but this change of words has never affected the ideas. It is not known in what language the great moral lessons were first spoken. Thus language is insignificant compared with the ideas it contains. We are bound, therefore, to feel that although the great names of antiquity come to us by way of many languages, the minds are all one. The names stand for a family of brothers, who are not separated by mountain or sea or speech.

Cultivate Your Reason.

To cultivate reason is one of the highest duties, because then her wise orders are issued to all the other impulses of the soul, and a varied world passes from chaos into harmony. Is there anything then in which we can trust nature alone? Are there any hours that are independent of this reason? It appears not. But there are hours into which it has not been the world's custom to bring reason into play. There are hours in which we all act as so many little children, and know no law but nature. Among these hours are those of hope and fond anticipation. To-morrow is loaded down with the things we intend to do and to have. There is no faculty of the soul so overworked as this faculty of expectation. If all shall come out of the future which we are all pouring into it, we shall have a marvelous world before long. The tame, sad facts of these days will soon give place to islands of milk and honey, and to palaces of Aladdin.

Christ as a Fact.

Above all other super-human ones He stands farthest from myth, and nearest to reality. Mark, then, the superiority of Christ as a fact. The Christian poet can not say, with the classic, "All I know of thee, is thy name," and they that erect an altar to him can not write over it, to "the unknown God." The reality of Jesus is as definite, as undeniable, as the reality of Washington or Franklin. All the other incarnations belong to the atmosphere of legend. No twelve disciples gathered daily around the feet of Olympian Jove, or of the beautiful Apollo, nor of the gifted Minerva. No multitude gathered upon the mountain-side to hear and see the Hercules and Aphrodite. If some crowd, acting in the historic period, in the days of language and words, had followed the Apollo along the streets of Jerusalem or Athens, and had even crucified him, then would the Christian Gospel confess a rival in the pagan pages. But it was the misfortune of all that Olympian group that there was no Judas to betray any one of them with a kiss, and no Pilate to order any one of them to the cross. They all lived outside the bounds of evidence, and hence to-day appear only like the picture of the virtues or the graces, outward expressions of the inner soul.

A Beautiful Heaven and a Beautiful America.

It does not affect the duty of the pulpit that it has added immortality to the earth. It must still like Daniel, Isaiah, and Jeremiah, make its country the subject of perpetual work and affection. It is well known that the Jews assumed a future life and lived and died on its alluring borders. If Jesus brought this second life into the visible foreground of speech and motion he only thus

compelled his ministers to be the statesmen of two countries instead of one. To save a citizen from drunkenness and to save a soul from hell are acts in one and the same philosophy. A beautiful heaven and a beautiful America are one and the same dream. The clergyman must therefore be a statesman for the lands on both sides of death's river. When man believes in a Supreme Potentate then his nation reaches from the cradle of a poor infant to an archangel's crown.

"God the only Potentate."

The phrase used by St. Paul, "God, the only Potentate, the King of Kings," casts light upon quite a long roll of past writers and orators, and sets them before us not as religious fanatics, but as the true statesmen of the early empires. All the old nations were founded upon God as the Chief King. To this custom there was no exception in remote times. The God or the gods presided in all national affairs. Even the Greek State, although the most rationalized of all the old governments, put to death its greatest philosopher because he was leading the youth away from the old grasp of governing deities. Plato was as religious as Isaiah. Xenophon wrote a treatise on theology. Demosthenes opened his greatest oration with a beautiful prayer, and closed it with an appeal to the only Potentate—the King of all Kings. Israel did not want a theocracy. It simply fell in with the existing world, and differed from Egypt and the surrounding tribes only in possessing a better conception of the heavenly potentate. The temple of Solomon is dear to us because our religion came out of it as our rivers come out of our mountains, but we must not permit our temple to conceal those sanctuaries whose columns stand along the Nile, or in such beauty at

Athens, or which crumble in Rome or number a thousand columns in the ruins of Palmyra, or amaze the modern traveler by the ruins at Baalbec. The Parthenon, which cost six millions of our dollars in those cheap times, was a temple to the Deity, the columns of which, sixty feet high, stand at Baalbec, were sacred to heaven ; they were all in place and in beauty in the times of Solomon, while Abraham himself may have stood and gazed at the mighty religious structure at Heliopolis.

Paul, Xavier, Judson.

O, loftiest spirit of earth, the soul of Paul, or a Xavier, or a Judson ! What want there may seem of beauty comes from our inability to rise high enough in our feelings to see and measure this grandeur. It is said that men throw their offerings down at the feet of the gods because the human eye is unable to see and the human arm too short to enable the worshiper to place his garlands upon the forehead of Deity. With similar weakness and humility we all, of a mercenary and infidel age, being unable to see and reach the divine forehead of this missionary spirit, that loftiest shape of soul, can not do otherwise than come to-day and whisper our words of homage at her feet. The ancients saw in their sacred vales and woods three graces, and at times, in poetic moments, nine muses ; but this single grace, the spirit of love, this wandering virtue of missions, surpasses all the old fabled ones of history.

The Large Part of Life Should Come First.

But suppose life to run a long, and death to be far away ; what man most needs is that the large part of his life should come first, that all the subsequent years may be lifted up and held up by the strong arms of the past. It

is melancholy to have the soul realize the greatness of earth when it is just leaving it forever.

Religion Faithful to the Ages.

Here upon earth God is sitting upon a throne of ages, and by our deeds done here we weave for ourselves the chaplets of immortality. Hence, man demands a religion that shall be full of faithfulness to these years, a religion which utters to earth the poet's words with high adaption:

"Oh, grand world, being about to die we salute thee."

Morituri Salutamus,

"Ye halls in whose seclusion and repose,
Phantoms of fame like exhalations rose
And vanished, we who are about to die
Salute you ; earth, and air, and sea, and sky,
And the imperial sun that scatters down
His sovereign splendor upon grove and town."

Thus, must the Christianity of our day refit itself to the new era. It can count no longer upon a childhood that loves forms nor upon a public ignorance that drinks in all doctrines. It should not remain neglectful of the fact that there is rising up a class powerful in education and in reason and in virtue, a class that does not fill our jails, but that makes our laws, that sits upon the judge's bench, that shapes our literature and molds our social life.

How Men Have Loved War!

It is when some great lesson is unveiled, the bearers of the new principle must hasten to make the people see its beauty. Take the idea of peace among nations. The human race has been attached to war. No Calvinist ever loved the doctrine of eternal fire as ardently as the

world has loved war. Machiavelli said that "war ought to be the only study of a Prince; that peace should be only a resting spell in which men should get ready for war." Other statesmen of his day said: "War is man's essential nature." It will be difficult to beat down and destroy such a bloody sentiment. But difficult as the task may be, it can be accomplished. Peace can so shine through all literature, all eloquence, all religion, and all art that at last the human mind will travel over from war to peace, and will bless all those who taught it to sing the sweeter song. But it will take more than a half century for mankind to make this exchange of sentiments.

"Beyond the Wall of Our Own Life We See Little."

Each person is so much at home in his own time and place that all the world away from himself seems only a great failure. When not thought of as a failure, all remote times are passed by as not having really existed. Man's consciousness is at work in the present. Each of us knows all about the little spot bounded by our twenty, or forty or sixty years. Beyond the wall of our own life we see but little. There is so much to be seen within our own time that we have little leisure for looking over the stream which separates the present from the past. And had we the leisure for studying the past, the hearts do not care about it. The heart being unable to love two objects, it greatly prefers the nineteenth century to the tenth, and nestles close up to America and slights Rome. When some one visits us from Sweden or Russia, we pity him because he lives so far off. We indeed find the real only round our own feet. All things grow shadowy as they spring up away from our sight and touch. We all hear and accept many allegations about the near and far past, but they seem

more like pictures in a gallery than like events in actual experience. When we see the picture of Mary Queen of Scots, our sensations end in the picture. It is a dream. We do not see the young girl, Mary Stuart, passing along through her eighth and tenth years, fond of nature, fond of her books, talkative, playing with her young companions. All is enveloped in a cloud. The dimness increases as the distance in time increases, and when the name of Paul is pronounced it does not recall even a picture of a vanished face. Little realism comes from the name. The name is little else than a sound. The heart declines to have much to do with objects that are so far off. This dimness of the past is not all the inevitable result of human nature, but it is in part a result of personal choice. Many persons refuse to study history, and refuse to make real what they do study; and thus by their own act the past is moved millions of years away, when in truth it might be only over the garden wall. The nearness of India, Rome, Greece to us depends largely upon our wish. If we close our hearts against them, of course they cannot come to us. There is a large army of past heroes and worthies who would gladly come to our homes were they only invited. Friendship must be cultivated, not only with the living, but also with the dead.

The Rights of Dumb Brutes.

Thus the new ideas about the rights of dumb brutes, the rights of children, the rights of the heathen myriads, must be repeated and repeated until they shall become a mode of modern thought. As men can learn a new language until at last they think in it and dream in it, and speak it as unconsciously as they breathe, so an age can gradually move into a doctrine of benevolence which

shall be with it always, and reach out toward all the forms of life. Men and women will be kindness incarnate because they will not know anything else than love and equity. Few persons can remember when certain principles and emotions came to their own hearts. How can one find the day and the hour when the truth was coming for years? As the cultivated mind loves the springtime more at forty than it does at twenty; and loves music more in life's close than in life's morning, so the great truths of church and state and duty and happiness spend many years in getting fully into the soul. In youth, kindness is intermittent, in middle life it becomes perennial.

Each Age Bows to Philosophy.

Not a generation has lived upon earth which has not, after having tried all the paths of action, bowed at last to the philosophy that it is the steady light of noble ideas that makes life pass in blessedness and in peace. Home, industry, education, friends, honor, and religion, are the ministering angels that alone are worthy to wait upon the human soul. In their arms they shall bear you up.

Guns for One means Guns for All.

Much as it is regretted that the Catholic Church does not indorse and make use of the public schools and thank God for a republic that compels the taxes of the rich to give a common education to all the children, even those of the classes the most poor, yet we must all be in judgment the most just and must not assume that to oppose our school system is any proof that the days of blood and torture are to return. In these days religious opinions do not mean guns. Once they did, but that was long ago; and in those times, when opinions meant guns

and swords, they had that import among the Protestants. The shadow of the sword fell on all churches alike. As no church could escape the dominant ideas of the earlier time, so no church can escape the happier philosophy of the present period. Guns for one means guns for all; and now toleration for one means toleration for all. Those societies that are now arming themselves must be composed of Protestants and Catholics of the humblest mental equipment. It is full time for the higher and calmer classes to speak out in favor of peace. It would be a disgrace to our country should a single Catholic or Protestant be slain in the name of any church of Jesus Christ. Under the influence of our schools, literature, and freedom, fanaticisms ought to disappear from religion and permit its large place to be occupied by charity and pity.

Science full of Cruelty.

A material age asks us to study the strata in the ground and the stars in the sky; asks us to find the shores of old lakes and the craters of extinct volcanoes; asks us to gather the bones of fossil birds and fish, and store up a cabinet of shells, out of which some worms died a million years ago; but it heeds little the men that have sailed all stormy seas to carry love and light to their fellow pilgrims in this vale. Science is often full of cruelty. It studies the little things of the universe, counts the birds and the trees, measures the footprints of the great mammals that beat around in the forests that afterward made our coal, weighs the fossil tusks and teeth of extinct mastodons, but looks coldly toward the ship that carried St. Paul about, and toward the block where the blood was drawn from his heart. To science the bark canoe and the stone tomahawk of the savage are things greater

and more charming than the pleading at Mars Hill or the movements of the apostles.

Xavier, Duff, Judson.

There is one kind of flesh of man, another flesh of beasts, another of birds; and so there is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon. In the realm of ideas, there is a glory on all sides, a beautiful, captivating glory; but the glory of the birds and the fishes is one, and the glory of a Xavier, or a Duff, or a Judson, is another. Dear to us all, both as a study and as an inspiration, should be the lives of men who helped Christianity and all our civilization when it lay helpless in the midst of savages. When the storm may have occurred that changed the old ocean into prairies, or which transformed forests into beds of coal, is a question interesting indeed, but not so vital, so sublime, as the study of that awful tempest of destruction and creation that gave us Christ and His ardent followers. The penitence of Magdalen, the self-denial of the poor widow, the kindness of St. John, are stories that have affected the human race more than it has been affected by botany, chemistry, and astronomy. As of all things upon earth, the soul is the greatest, as "there is nothing great in the world but man, and nothing great in man but his soul."

The Right to Liberty.

The oldest of us remember when a man who urged for the freedom of the slaves was only a babbler. He did not know about what he was talking, for all nations had held slaves; even St. Paul had advised slaves to be obedient to their masters; and the Creator himself had made an inferior race that it might do the drudgery for a higher order of beings. Thus planted in the midst of

associations, religious, political and social, the American public was impervious to the onsets of any new idea about the oneness of the white and black races and the rights of all human minds to liberty. It would seem that the right to liberty ought to have been self-evident to a Greek or Roman or Christian age, but the daily associations of society have always been a Chinese wall to keep in what was in and to keep out all outside philosophy. To wear away this wall and permit the old to die and the new to flourish is the task often of centuries. It is always the work of much time.

The Moral Quality of the War of the Rebellion.

Our Decoration Day is ennobled by the moral quality of the war. There is in our poor humanity a desire to applaud a victor. In the Spanish bull fights the victors are applauded. And in the old gladiatorial shows the man was applauded when he stood over a slain antagonist. It was never inquired which man ought to have fallen. But as the mind grows it does not wish to fling away its applause upon either of two gladiators. It pities both, and would gladly disarm both and send each to his home, where

Were his young barbarians all at play,
and where "their Dacian mother," war, is no longer a delightful spectacle for enlightened minds. A fresh battlefield is the most revolting scene upon earth. It is wonderful that a Julius Cæsar or a Napoleon could look upon his murdered soldiers and not die of remorse over suffering and death so aimless.

We Learn by Sight.

As a child learns language first through the eye, by seeing the object represented by the word, and, indeed,

as language itself began in the names of things that had length, breadth, and thickness, so Christianity passes through its materialized period with the individual or the age, and then swells out into spirituality, as the man or the time changes its need.

What is a Statesman ?

What is a statesman ? What is an artist ? One who can know and produce the highest beauty. What is a goldsmith ? One who can work with exquisite touch in gold. What is a statesman ? One who can discover and toil for the highest welfare for the people of the State. He is the artist of the nation. His eye is quick to mark what is noblest and his hand is swift to reach after it, his tongue eloquent to utter it. Ernest Renan says: "A saint is one who consecrates his life to a grand conception and who thinks all else useless." But this is a universal definition. Take away the word saint and insert the word statesman and the truth gleams forth that he is a public mind which consecrates itself to a grand conception of a nation and scorns all humbler thoughts. What an alarming definition ! It excludes a great multitude of politicians. Their conception of vice, crime, right, wrong, all duty, all goodness is so low that society dare not place upon their temples the statesman's crown. Their minds are too small to devise good things ; their hearts are too insincere to be eloquent.

Whittier Wept Like Jeremiah.

It is seldom the fall of a nation is so complete as to leave no personal exception. As when recently two steamers struck in the British sea, from the one which sunk instantly only one man arose. That one was saved, while no other hand or face ever appeared again,

so when a nation is sinking in depravity there is always some heart which rises above the gulf to sing over and over the song of integrity and its rewards. When the Roman Catholic public had lost all semblance of virtue, Savonarola suddenly appeared. He came as a poor monk. Diminutive, ugly, awkward, and laughed at by the brazen sinners of the time, he made up in intellectual thunderings all he lacked in beauty. Thus each sinking ship sends upward some one heart to live and beat. While the South of our land was almost wholly wedded slavery in the far off days, some master in Carolina would go north with all his slaves, and set them all free and give them land in some free State. When nearly all literary men were silent about slavery Whittier wept like Jeremiah. In 1833 or 1834 his tears for the slave began to fall. Thus the Hebrew prophets were those exceptional souls which were too divine to sink. They were the Cowpers and Whittiers of old Judea. They were not itinerant musicians nor revivalists, but rather the statesmen who were not willing to see their nation fall a victim to frauds and crimes.

The Greek Race.

Through all of the thousand years before the opening of our era, the most intellectual race that has perhaps ever lived, had built up the Greek language. As the coral rocks arose in the Southern ocean, from great depths up to the sunlight, so the Greek language, from depths unknown, unsounded, arose until it came to the great upper sunlight of the poets and orators. Of all the marvels of history the Greek nation is the most wonderful. The seven wonders of the world are insignificant compared with that nation that occupied the little peninsula. Something great was poured into the Greek soul

when it came from its Creator. It did nothing upon any humble scale. Its first song by Homer will equal all the songs that will follow it. A nation so many-sided, and so wonderful upon each side, came never before nor elsewhere; wonderful in politics, in philosophy, in poetry, in art, in heroism, and in physical beauty and development. All this greatness was treasured up in language, the image, as one of the Greeks said, of the soul.

Christianity Flexible in Mode.

Since, then, Christianity must be flexible in its method and doctrine, we all err perhaps in overlooking the upper, educated class, and in devoting our whole time to the effort to fit religion to the great democratic populace. The genius of our country turns the attention of publicists (and the preacher, too, is a publicist) toward what is called the masses. The uprising of charity as a virtue makes us seek out the object of that great love. It has come to pass that we weep over nothing but a ragged orphan or a slave. The pulpit upbraids the rich, and defies the educated, and ridicules the scientific, and frantically declares for the outcast, the ignorant, the chimney-sweep and the news-boy.

The Divine Summer Time of the People.

May no citizen limit his deeds and sentiments by the Constitution of our Nation. That great document simply defines the few tasks of a central power. Does the Constitution say anything to us about art or literature, or love or beauty, or summer or spring? Are the autumn leaves there? Does it contain any laughter or tears? If it excludes religion then may its ice all melt in the divine summertime of the people.

Ideals in Art.

Our age is moved deeply by the study of ideals in art. Each generation is amazed at its own progress. In the great Field Columbian Museum one can see the history of many an idea; the boat idea; beginning at three logs bound together with a piece of bark and passing on towards the ocean palace; the transportation idea, beginning with a strap on a man's forehead, passing on through the panniers on a goat or a donkey and reaching to the modern express train; the sculpture idea, moving from some stone or earthen or wooden outlines onward toward the angelic forms that seem about to live and speak. There you will see the wooden eagle that marked the grave of some Indian. And what a creature it is! Nothing but the infinite kindness of civilization could persuade us to call it a bird of any known species. And yet perhaps the Indian when dying was happy that such a wooden bird was to stand on his grave and keep his memory green. Into our age so full of new and grand conceptions in art there must come the marching ideals of human life. Man is moving through a redemptive world. All lips should sing each day the song of the old harpist, "Who Redeemeth Thy Life from Destruction." What our age needs is a rapid advance of the ideals of life. A Catholic priest who has spent thirty years in the temperance cause said "the saloon is the greatest enemy that Rome has left in the world: that the criticisms we Protestants make of Rome's dogmas were harmless compared with the ruin of mind and soul wrought by the saloon and its defenders." No one will deny the truth of the priest's complaint, and all are glad to mark the new effort of the Romanists to set up new ideas. Protestants should not, cannot, hate a Catholic;

but all good citizens must cherish little regard for any one who has not yet got ten beyond the saloon idea.

Seneca and George Fox.

Seneca was to the Roman Empire what George Fox was to England, or what Franklin was to the colonies. Seneca taught the highest precepts of his day, and because he was such a moralist he was appointed tutor of the young Nero. The pupil betrayed the weakness of his guide. When Nero came to power, his guardian, Seneca, became the low flatterer of the king, and smiled at all the royal vices. He even went further and suggested to Nero the murder of a younger brother ; and when Nero murdered his mother, Seneca wrote a letter to sanction and explain the crime. Add to these enormities the fact that Seneca had himself been banished for a crime that did not happen to please the powers over him, and you have a picture of Roman morals as seen even in the best of Roman men. Seneca himself confesses that he was a lover of virtue, but not virtuous ; not a philosopher, but a student of philosophy. "I am occupied with the study of the vices, but all I require of myself is, not to be equal to the best, but only to be better than the bad."

Why We Love the Violets.

In India there are vast valleys devoted wholly to the growth of roses. Twenty thousand blossoms will make an ounce of rose attar. Worthy fields, but who loves to think of a great planet made by an almighty hand for the purpose of raising reasons for not living an honest or humane life. The earth cannot be reconciled to God by finely spun apologies, but only by its use of absolute and eternal goodness. This fact has led some great thinkers to argue that the true mind need not be moved

by either heaven or hell, but by the attractions of the right in its own pure self. The mind should be right and loving, because only thus can it be a true mind. We love a springtime day not because of heaven or hell, but because of its own exquisite contents. Thus man should love the right and the benevolent because they are beautiful and because he is man. You do not love the spring violets because of some hope or fear, but because they and you were made for such a friendship whether life be for a few days or for a million years. Thus talk many of the noblest of earth, but such a theory is rendered at least unnecessary by the simple fact that rewards will come whether they are a motive or not. They who seek the absolute goodness cannot escape happiness; their character makes it.

Pagan Gods Only Dreams.

None of the great classic or Asiatic writers pretend to have seen the great super-human ideas in whose name they worshiped. Venus, Juno, Jupiter, Prometheus, Osiris, Osiris, were only long-continued dreams of the generations. They were like the toy-bringing god of our Christmas, only the incarnation of the world's wish and infant thought. Once the world was peopled by only a race of infants. As our children believe in the Christmas god, the ancients believed in the group upon Olympus gathered about an ambrosial feast.

What Does This Babbler Say?

Many of the ideas which are offered to us are false and ought never to be entertained, but when true ones come along, if they are new, they will come very slowly into the inmost chambers of the mind. The heart feels disposed to cry out: "What does this babbler say?"

He seems to have some new gods." Our life is so well intrenched in truth that whoever contradicts us is simply a babbler. He comes with a lot of new gods just as though we could get new gods as we get clothing or new sandals! Away with such a fellow from the earth! And yet time softens the heart and takes away all this self-conceit. Men die leaning upon the bosom of the teacher whom once they would have crucified. Whom they once crucified all the world now admires and many love. The stranger has become well known. Time has transformed strangeness into friendship. Familiar with his face the world embraces now the one whom Trojan and Pliny could not endure. He is a stranger no longer. He is a member of the vast modern family; an old-time friend.

Christ the Revelation of a New God.

Slowly, indeed, comes the redemption of the human race, but, notwithstanding this painful halting, looking back we behold Christ to be the turning point in the history of our earth. He was the revelation of a new God; the One who proves to be the true God, the only Lord and Father of us all. He was the revelation of a morals that makes the sages of old hang their heads in humility. He did not, like Seneca, teach virtue without being viruous, nor was he content by being worse than the best, but better than the worst. All compromising, all comparative goodness, terminated at Nazareth. A sinful thought became a stain upon the soul, and the enmity that said, "Thou fool," became a confessed ruin or sorrow in that heart.

"Blue" and "Gray."

Our Decoration Day does not come with the shout that once shook the Roman colosseum because some one had

triumphed and some one had died ; but it comes with a gladness that in all parts of the great Republic false principles perished and new love and new right came for millions of persons and for a long vista of years. We do not bring our flowers to celebrate simply a deed in which a Grant triumphed and a Lee fell, but we come to bless the soldiers that helped liberty to touch all door-sills, the soldiers that helped Georgia and Mississippi to become the loving friends of New York and Illinois ; we come to bless the soldiers that baptised the scattered States into one freedom and one love. The entire nation esteems the names of Lee and Stonewall Jackson. This May Day comes with pity for all the dead and living soldiers ; but with an inexpressible joy that from these battlefields came the divinest principles for which men can live their years in this world. The words "friend" and "foe," "North" and "South," "Blue" and "Gray" are drowned out by the voice of the millions welcoming a full liberty and justice. Time has furled the flags, thirty years have silenced the guns and have silenced the passions that once flamed in all hearts ; thirty years have taken away all boasting over fallen foes ; but the same flight of time makes only the more glorious the country that has no dividing line and the nation that has no slave. Time silences discord and exalts principles.

God's Mercy Slow.

The works of religion, as indeed all the works of human progress, reach out like the formation of the glaciers or the deltas, over long periods. It saddens the human heart and baffles the intellect to think of the slowness of God's mercy toward his children.

The Old Gods are Dumb.

The Roman religion crumbled rapidly. Porphyry, who wrote almost a score of books to stay the progress of Christianity, complained bitterly that under the sound of the Gospel the old gods had become dumb. This lament of a disappointed pagan, Milton elaborated into verse :

The oracles are dumb ;
 Nor voice nor hideous hum,
 Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
 Apollo from his shrine
 No longer can divine.
 With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving
 No trance or breathed spell
 Inspire the pale-eyed priest from his prophetic cell.
 The lonely mountains o'er
 And the resounding shore,
 A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament ;
 From haunted spring and dale,
 Edged with poplar pale,
 The parting Genius is with sighing sent ;
 With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
 The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thicket
 Mourn.

The Future has no Potency.

When, after an absence of twenty years, you visit the old homestead and find the old orchard gone, and the old house dismantled, its door-side moss-covered, you say, hastily, "What changes time has wrought!" But it was the agencies acting in time, the daily storms, the frosts, the winds, the worm, that slowly transformed the old home into decay. Thus the Future has no potency.

The present is working all sad changes, and the future is only the point at which the heart must break. When hope cheers the present, and acts as an inspiration to its toil and goodness, then hope is a good angel; but the moment hope acts as an opiate upon the present, it becomes a poison of the soul. Rather than worship her, one would better deify the present and come each morning with new homage. "Now," is an idea that should be more deeply studied by those capable of any usefulness. The money-makers alone have fathomed its depths. They alone "never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day." But the moralists, and religionists, and possible benefactors, have not studied enough the little word. All the good ideas of earth, even the invitations of Jesus Christ, are postponed, and postponed until these great "hopes deferred make the public heart sick."

From Darkness to Light.

At the touch of this new Savior, the principles of law underwent great change, and slowly passed from darkness to light. Christ was especially a great crisis in the history of the soul. The body became the casket, the soul the gem. The soul being thus thrown forward, its home had to be enlarged, and its career extended.

The Impressionist School of Art.

We do not yet know whether the style of the impressionist is to be some great truth in the art of the painter, or is to be only one of the many forms of delineating nature. Man has pictures in black and white; pictures in steel; pictures in many tints like those of Raphael and Meissonier. When the impressionist comes with only two or three colors, and with certain views of background, and a central meaning, it may be he comes with

some simple addition to the painter's kingdom, but not in the name of any new age. That was a new era that expelled all fiends and all horrors from the canvas and depicted for us all the blessed faces of humanity and all the rich scenery of nature. Old art loved to paint St. Sebastian with his bosom full of arrows, but the new era passes by such subjects and would rather draw a landscape, or pin blossoms on a human heart. Thus a new age differs from a new thought. The thought may be only a suggestion, while a new age is the march of great principles.

The Sermon on the Mount was Needed.

Into what an empire did the son of man come ! There was a vast state, that represented the world, to be reformed ; there was a marvelous language to be the vehicle of the new truth ; there was the decay the Roman religious faith ; there was a decadence of political and æsthetic forms of thought ; there was a mental vitality remaining for new guidance ; there was a condition of morals that demanded the Sermon on the Mount ; there was a dark night setting in that appealed loudly for the mercy of Heaven. Two nations, the greatest that had come from the mind of man—the Greek that dazzles the world yet with the memory of its poetry and art, and philosophy and oratory ; the Roman with its law, and military skill, and ambition, and with its unrivaled temples and palaces—had been merged into one, and with all their combined riches of mind and soul were descending to ruin together.

The Age Treats us all Alike.

That great king which we call "The Age" treats us all alike. As the sunshine and the rain fall on

the just and the unjust, so the age moves along in a great breadth and overlooks nothing. It has no contempt for the little and no fear of the great. It pauses at the shop of the carpenter and at the library of the statesman, and says to both these workmen: "You would better introduce some new material and some new tools."

Benevolence Should Not be Delayed.

There are colleges about this city that have been waiting twenty years for the good intentions of rich men to ripen. There are many forms of public beneficence that have been reposing in manuscript for a quarter of a century, waiting for the future to evolve for them a reality from the generous and promising heart. But the real truth is, there is nothing in the morrow that was not in the yesterday, and one by one these designing, promising hearts, have fallen asleep without having come up to the golden days when benevolence would be a pleasure and money would no longer enslave the soul.

Woman Fifty Years Ago.

Fifty years ago she came as a babbler. We can look back and can say: She was a babbler, but only because we did not know eloquence when we heard it. In those days the majority of us thought that eloquence was the voice of a white man who was running for Congress. We had no idea that it could be contained in the dialect of a negro or in the soft tones of a woman. All these old follies are dying. We are on the margin of a period when the terms man and woman will be displaced by the word "humanity." Woman's Building was once a slave pen. It afterwards became a tinsel parlor. It will be seen every year in greater proportions. A hun-

dred years hence it will not be designated as Woman's Building ; it will be called the Temple of Humanity. It will contain the human race.

Religion a Science of Generalities.

Little of the world's religious turmoil arose around Christ. But from the human mind, full of darkness and vanity—a sad combination—rolled the smoke and fire, as from an infernal Vesuvius, that have buried in ashes and death cities and homes which under Christ alone would have been Edens of happiness. Above all things religion is a science of generalities. It lies broad and deep like the expanse of heaven, and like the same heaven, will utter few particulars. Astronomers tell us Saturn lies within beautiful rings, and that Jupiter has equal day and night, and that one season runs through all its year ; but here these wise men pause. Whether beings like men dwell there, and gather wild flowers, and hear bird songs in eternal spring, and whether they sail ships upon oceans that know no wild storm, they are all silent as those awful depths. Religion surpasses even astronomy in the breadth and vagueness of its generalizations. The theologians, misconceiving its genius, have loaded it down with particulars from which it will now take them all their remaining life to retract.

Give Generously! Give Now.

It would not be beyond the truth were I to say that there are a thousand persons in this city who intend to bless mankind by acts of benevolence. When a little more gold has been gathered, and a few more gray hairs have come, and the dear future shall have come a little nearer, they are going to found asylums, and art-galleries,

and libraries, and colleges, and bursting the chains of self, love the large suffering world. These intentions are the most solemn and noble of their hearts. Nearly every clergyman has conversed with these good men, and can bear witness to their sincerity. These are good people at heart. But we come, now, to the defect in their scheme—a defect that hides itself, and, like Satan, will deceive the very elect. The calamity of these well wishing hearts, and the calamity of the long-waiting public is simply this, that there is no such future any where as that one pictured in the dream of these benevolent men. The day when they shall feel that they have heaped up enough of gold; the day when they will be willing to part with it; the day when they will love the poor community, and will desire to lay down great offerings at its feet, and when the future so long dreamed of will come down in golden colors out of the sky, will never come.

Heroism the Beauty of the Soul.

Heroism is indeed the beautiful in the soul. It is the old image of God coming to the surface again as when in scraping off a dingy wall in Florence the workmen came upon the portrait of Dante. Often there come men who throw aside the rags of self, the tattered vestments of beggars, and let out the image of God within. Into no institution of man, into no philosophy, into no school of art, has there entered such a band of heroes, as is seen filing down into this book of God. It seems perfectly wonderful that each page of the Christian's book should have been composed by one of these children of heroism. The Bible is a Westminster Abbey, where none but the great sleep. There are two painful exceptions, David and Solomon.

These are the only two characters of the sacred group that pass before us destitute of any beauty that need long detain us. David and Solomon are mighty ruins lying in the midst of the Bible. In them self was greater than society. Either one of them would rather overthrow all the laws of man than confess that self must have boundaries of passion or ambition.

Luther a Result of the Classic Universities.

It was the progress of the Catholics that made Protestantism possible. Luther was a result of the classic universities Romanism had founded. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries a great reaction set in against the literature composed of the miraculous experiences of monks and holy women, and, called back by the new voices, the classic style of thought began to return. While Luther was giving this new awakening, a religious direction in Italy the classic movement was simply intellectual and æsthetic. When Pope Paul III. made a visit in 1543 to the old university of Ferrara, he was treated to a play from Terrence—a comedy called "The Brothers." He also found there a young woman lecturing upon Cicero. The religion of the university had become a pure Deism. The classics had become so popular that they excluded the church and amounted to almost a passion. Luther was only a result of the new Catholics. If the Catholics were affected by the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, they can be affected by the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. It is not with them a matter of choice; it is a matter of destiny.

The World When Christ Appeared.

The "golden age" of Augustus ended before the Son of Man appeared. Streaks of the sunset were still upon the sky, but the great day of literature had passed, and

night was coming rapidly over the most impressive country and nation which the world ever saw. Only for a moment recall those names so familiar to us all, and as loved as familiar. Julius Cæsar, the writer and orator, had been slain forty-four years before our era began. Cicero was murdered a few years after the great Cæsar fell. Virgil died nineteen years before Christ came. Horace was in his grave forty years before Christ began to teach mankind. Sallust had been dead thirty-four years before the Child was born in the manger. Christ was only eighteen years old, was still an unknown carpenter, when Livy died. Publius Syrius, Catullus, Terence, all, all these gifted children of philosophy and song had gone to sleep long before the music of Bethlehem came to the ear of the shepherds. Except Tacitus and Pliny, no great name ever passed over the line that divided the pagan and Christian periods. Not a single great orator or artist, poet or statesman, was remaining upon the Roman or Greek world when our Lord appeared.

Long Rooted Ills Vanish Slowly.

The ills of a city will not all vanish when it shall become well governed. A most perfect and most honest government will not bring a perfect salvation, for intemperance and idleness and extravagance will remain, and those two great forces called labor and capital will still be here. They are both one, only capital is larger than labor. When a man's labor is worth \$600 a year, he is worth several thousand dollars. It would take quite a sum invested at six per cent. to equal such a man. Capital is condensed labor, labor crowded into a package of bills or gold like the air crowded into a Westinghouse cylinder, The living laborer sets free the condensed

labor and makes it assume the form of some external object. Both are one only capital is the larger. They will draw nearer to each other as the world advances in intellect and goodness.

Mr. Childs an Example.

In this widening of human ideals a large part of the community has outgrown the law of demand and supply. The Rossis and Ricardos who stated that law so clearly a hundred years ago were not thinking of the welfare of the workingman, but only the causes of a price. The study and the law were cold blooded. A working man received fifty cents a day or less because the need was not great and the workingmen were numerous. In our age there is a vast multitude of employers who pay something to a man because he is a human being. An element undreamed of by the last century enters in the wages of to-day. Mr. Childs did not regard the law of demand and supply. His heart made some new laws, and he paid as much to the human being as he did to the trade of the man. He could have secured labor at a low market price, but he hated the calculations of the last century and paid men what pleased his own benevolence. Few of you make any effort to secure help at the lowest rates. The human being, man, woman or boy, steps in and draws a few additional pennies. The sweat shops are places where love has not yet come. There the law of demand and supply works in all its old-time barbarity.

We Must be Wholly Free!

The redeeming process must go forward until we are wholly free. It was once enough for a man if he were a Presbyterian or a Catholic, but such a goal is no longer adequate. This kind of person must now add to his

name a new group of virtues. He must be intelligent, temperate, just, kind, lofty. The human beauties have grown more rapidly than the beauties of art have advanced. It is seen how music has run from the old monotony of the Hebrews and Greeks to the wonderful compositions of the Italians and Germans. The modern soul would almost die under the old music. It would not be high enough, nor low enough, nor wide enough, nor sweet enough. But morals have advanced by the same path, and yet this city, encompassed and inspired by ideals many and great, permits itself to be governed by the abandoned classes. It is as though the orator, Daniel Webster, had asked some African ape to speak in his stead; it is as though Jennie Lind had asked some steam foghorn to sing her part. When from the splendor of this city, from its high people, from its intelligent and sunny homes, from its churches, from its immortal summer of 1893, one passes to the centralized government the heart cries out: Alas, Jennie Lind, why did you suppose that a fog-horn could take your place and sing for us that mighty song: "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth." In the midst of the discord it is difficult to believe that a redeemer lives.

**Earth the Mother Home of the Race For
Thousands of Years.**

The lawyers, the statesmen, the patriots, the philanthropists, all demand a religion that shall blend with these days of earth, and help it in its liberty, in its law, in its arts, its letters, its honors, its pleasures. These noble ones believe in immortality, but they believe that a good earth is the best stepping stone to Heaven. They believe God loved earth, or He would not have made it and caused to pass over it such a procession of souls.

They believe that the children of this world will be called one by one to eternity, but they believe that for thousands of years yet the earth will remain the arena of human life, and that as a mother lovingly provides for her children, though she may be on the morrow to leave them forever, so all noble souls will toil for mankind present and to come, of the persecutions and desolations of the former centuries, where a million people went hungry and barefoot that one king or one prince might be arrayed in splendor ; out of the persecutions that made religion mean martyrdom—came a melancholy which we pity and forgive. But here our charity terminates, and now we behold a period when a new world lying before the Church asks it to put aside its indifference and gird itself for the welfare of this great encapment on the shores of time.

Words are Embalmed Ideas.

Words are the embalmed ideas of the long yesterday. Each separate word is a truth. When, therefore, a genius like old Job is born into the world, and finds about him only the narrow Hebrew tongue, he enters upon a long imprisonment, unconscious, indeed, but real. He can utter some sublime things, but his mind is limited, like the soul of the Swiss child born only in the mountains. When a genius like Goothe or Webster is born into such a universe of words as is seen in the German or English, it is the soul's own fault or sin if it does not move out freely and grandly toward the waiting human race. It is said of Dante that he was compelled to make the Italian language while he made his song ; that he was compelled to ransack all the domain of Italian thought in order to find words and inflections which he might use and that could be woven into

peetic melody. It is beautifully said that before he could sing his music he was compelled first to make a harp. What a wonderful inheritance, then, must belong to each young mind in this country, who at birth falls heir to one of the three great tongues, French, English or German.

The Street Called "By-and-By."

Some of the the most biting aphorisms of the great writers have been uttered against the spirit of delay that broods over the soul. One says, "We pass our life in deliberation, and die in it." "Delays have dangerous ends," says Shakespeare. "To-morrow is a satire on to-day," said Young. But Cervantes states well the folly of feeding eternally on hope. He says: "By the street called By-and-by, you reach a house called Never." Thus in the literature of all ages, from the Bible to the page of the Spaniard, you find that mankind early learned the imposition that expectation was playing upon it, and sought out biting words to warn us against its snare. The great mission of hope is to inspire the present. The dazzling glory of the future is only to make the present all light around the foot. But if man sits down and waits till he shall come to the dazzling morrow, the morrow at once becomes dark; it takes back every banner of light, because the gazing soul has not read aright its significance.

The Pulpit Should Adorn the Battlefield.

The church should bless the soldiers for having by their blood atoned for the cowardice of the sanctuary. The pulpit should adorn the battlefields that brought to them the unsullied Christ of Nazareth and Calvary. In the processions of this day the church should

march as a penitent full of regrets that wearing the name of Jesus it made such a poor estimate of the rights of man. Had the church done its moral duty in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the nineteenth would have escaped the awful war of brother against brother, South against North. When a religion espouses a great wrong, then the sword and the battlefield must come. Violence must come when love has failed.

Decoration Day a Perpetual Institution.

But while we meditate and stand with hands full of memorial wreaths, the scene expands, the holy ground widens from State to State, from mountain to prairie, and from ocean to lake and river, until at last the heart bows down in grief over the silent forms of 300,000 men. They gave up life that we might live more nobly. Of this number not many fell in instant death. Nearly all went out by the gate of long agony, asking help that could not come, and thinking of the loved ones they would never see again. And all this suffering, all this dying was for us who to-day are speaking the language and taking the footsteps and seeing all the scenes and joys in the sunshine of life! Decoration Day ought to come back as long as our mind can study political principles, and as long as our heart can appreciate the self-denial of a soldier. Especially should the pulpit and the church scatter flowers on the graves of the Union dead, for those awful battles and the awful carnage were planned by the blindness and weakness of religion. Christians in England opened a traffic in human bodies and souls. The pulpit was too weak or too ignorant to oppose slavery in its beginning.

The Bible An Open Book.

The Bible may be a closed book to many modern philosophers and casuists, but to the multitude at large it lies an open book, with a light better than that of the sun upon its page. In fact, in order to learn the value of the Bible, we must repair to the multitude, for they make up that vast audience to whom its words were spoken, and they make up a jury that interprets the Word without prejudice. If the Bible had been composed for the highest order of purely intellectual men, then they would be indeed the only commentators we should dare consult. In seeking for the meaning of Puffendorff, we may willingly consult all the learned moralists, and one may well read a learned commentator upon a learned Blackstone; but when one comes to read letters from his mother or his friend, or the poems of Cowper or Burns, he may dispense with Augustine and Calvin, and may go to the writings in his own mind and soul. The Bible is God's word to the people.

"Protestant" and "Catholic."

No one can reason over the words "Protestant" and "Catholic" without making great use of the phrase "long ago." Over the Piedmond massacre John Milton wrote his elegant sonnet:

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold."

* * * * *

"Forgot not. In thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep and in their ancient folds,
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that rolled
Mother and infant down the rocks."

But we must not permit our indignation to make us forget that more than two hundred years have passed since

that massacre, and that in the meantime the Protestants have put to death many witches and have dealt heavily in slaves, and have run an inquisition against Africans.

Religion Should Stand Great.

Religion should never bend much downward, but should stand calm and divine upon its lofty mountain, and entice the multitude upward. It is marvelous how soon a crowd will rise to the level of its leader. Moses dashed to pieces the golden calf, and steadfastly lifted up the true God. In a few years the Israelites arose from the idol to the living Jehovah. There is a limit to the usefulness of the law of accommodation. There is a law of ideals which makes it necessary that each individual and each group of individuals should be held by the vision of something above self. In the career of Christianity only those leaders can conduct the Church to success who are able, and who are brave enough to stand above the people and to invite them to higher seats. The idea of a miraculous call into the ministry has let loose into the world hundreds of teachers who, instead of leading the people upward, have helped them back.

"Wolf! Wolf!"

Many of our aphorisms and phrases possess a reverse side. "The wolf in sheep's clothing" is rivaled by the lamb, concealed in the skin of the wolf. Men cry, "Wolf!" "Wolf!" when the creature is found at last to be only a lamb. The maxim, "not all is gold that glitters," is equaled by the truth that much which does not glitter is pure gold. Many an idea which seemed to our fathers a roaring lion about to destroy society and the church, proves now to have been a dove, which ought to have made its home in the church altars. Much of

thought which our fathers supposed nothing but a New England freak of the mind is now the best philosophy of all human life. But all these changes from poison to honey take place in long time. Sometimes ten years will suffice, but in our era fifty years are the more common distance between hate and love. Long ago centuries were consumed by the people in learning the beauty of the beautiful, or the truthfulness of the true. Indeed it has been only the late time that has fully realized that Christ came as the friend of all the human race and of all alike; as benevolent as the sunbeam which never asks about the color or rank of the man who owns the field. Down comes the sunshine upon the farm of the negro and the white man, and upon the little garden of the widow. The European scholars asked for eighteen centuries in which to learn that Jesus had one word and one love for each and all. It more frequently happens that a great truth will become known and loved in about fifty years.

Jesus Willing to Die.

Our dead soldiers lie in the graves that can be understood. They knew for what great end they offered up life. Each died for something greater than a personal life. A good nation may bring happiness to millions, and for many centuries. If our sun could not shine again until you should die, how soon you would say: "Let me perish, that the sunshine may flood the globe." For a great end men are willing to die. They love the beautiful earth and their own beautiful life, but weighed down by the need of all humanity at last the heart wishes to go down to death that the millions may rise. Thus Jesus of Nazareth was willing to perish. The vision of the brilliant future dispelled the gloom around his own forehead and made the cross stand up in rosy light. Thus

in the name of a great future for the race, good men have moved peacefully toward death. A certain divine logic enters the mind and overrules the loves of the heart. Mother, child, wife, friends, are left behind, because a mighty logic presses upon the intellect and dispels all pleasures except one—the service of the country; it makes thorny all paths except one—the path of a redeemed Nation. Had it not been for this divine logic with its power to silence, the personal pleadings of the heart, the world would to-day be without any great nation, without a hero, and without a Savior.

To-morrow will be as To-day.

To-morrow will only be to-day rolled on. While we are passing along through the early years, it is lawful for us to load the times to come, for then the body and the mind are strengthening for work, and the school house stands between us and the great duties of the world; but when manhood has fully come, this worship of to-morrow should be given up, and the full significance of the present should burst upon the intellect and soul. All the dazzle of to-morrow, after that, is only an *ignis-fatuus*.

Our Sorrows Only Temporary.

Decoration Day does not come this year to a prosperous and happy Nation, but to one distracted and afflicted. Not on this account should the graves of the soldiers receive any the fewer flowers. The intellectual and moral littleness of these years should make all the more noble the men who died for our country thirty years ago. Compared with the leaders of to-day, those lying dead in the national cemeteries should assume the form of heroes possible in the records of poetry. It seems almost a

dream that we ever had such an array of statesmen and soldiers as springs up in memory of these memorial days. Out of affection and gratitude we should all hasten to ornament the places where they sleep. Not only were those men great in mind and in spirit, but the Nation for which they died is still great. The blunders and wrongs that mar the present are temporary, the merit of the country is more lasting. When the great storm swept over this inland sea recently, all seemed on the verge of ruin. How could any ship outlive such anger? How could any shore stand the shock of such waves? But in a few hours the storm ceased and the trees stood up straight and beautiful, and the grass was fresh and happy. Thus, however, troublons the times, the Nation is still here to wait in patience the clearer sky of to-morrow. The ills we suffer are those of only a day and not those of a life time or a century.

The Study of Man is the Study of Mind.

The perpetual study of man is the perpetual study of all mind, human or angelic, or divine. As soon as man learns that men must love one another, he learns that God must love all His children. A truth upon earth must be a truth in heaven. A circle crossed by diameters in our great desert would be seen as a circle by the minds in Mars. Therefore, as humanity unveils its own moral beauty, it paints the divine portrait. Thus every white flag of love and peace, waved by benevolence upon earth, implies that there is an unseen flag of love waving on the walls of God's own palace. Earth and heaven are one in morality. The existence of sin, suffering, and death need not mar this portait of the Creator; because the immensity of the universe, of its times and aims, makes capable of concealing nearly all the essential facts. If

we imagine that some inhabitant of some other planet, a being as intellectual as Dante or Milton, had touched our earth at Yorktown in 1871, and to his amazement had seen men fighting to the death, had seen the wounded carried back and had trembled at the thunder of the guns, he would have said: "What folly, what wickedness is this?" There in those autumn fields, under the sweet October skies, where the colored woods and the autumn leaves rustling to the foot, ought to make man a poet and a worshiper, sword and bayonet were doing their bloody work. It would be necessary for the stranger to sit down and hear the whole history of the earth; he would have to learn of primitive man as a savage, learn of truth coming by labor and battle, he would need, at least, to see despotism filling all the past before Yorktown, and a great nation of freemen coming down out of the future. Thus, taken into the past and the future, the roar of the guns would seem music and the soldiers of liberty all heroes. So we can not condemn this scene of pain in human life, for there is no one to tell us what lay back of these ills, and what brilliant years may be in waiting before them. The best influence is that the conflict here is carrying the soldiers all forward toward some divine and perpetual republic.

Beauty Following Thought.

When thought comes beauty follows, only purifying itself in the deeper thought. As men grow more impressive in features and women grow more beautiful, as the thought and truth of the world increase, so all beauty grows with the growing volume of knowledge and wisdom. The more profound the age in wisdom, the better will be its music. An Indian tribe could not have writ-

ten the funeral march of Beethoven, because that composition could only come in an age that had power to look upon death with a mighty intellect and see the entire spectacle of man falling down from his height into the silence of the strange deep. Thus the great intellect must be followed by great beauty. The greatness of the thought suggests the greatness of the decoration. No one in Paris would repair to a French milliner's shop to see beauty, because there is no great thought in the shop. One had better take a long walk and enter the tomb of Napoleon, where greater reflection would lie under the ornaments; or go to the Church of St. Denis, whose walls seem still sounding with the eloquence of Massillon, when he uttered his solemn oration over the princes whom death had transferred into dust. Where great thought has been thither beauty has always run with swift foot.

The Reformation Occupied Three Hundred Years.

What is known as the Reformation did not begin with Luther, but it dawned when the nations began to open the long closed avenues of thought and sentiment. In the beginning of the fourteenth century, Dante was almost as broad and free as our Gladstone and Castelar. He was a Greek and a Catholic joined in one manhood. He was a union of the Bible and Homer and Virgil. He was as broad as the entire past. He advocated the unity of language, a brotherhood of all nations, and a separation of state from church. After Dante the Papal literature almost ceased to exist, and all the colleges from Rome to Oxford were reveling in those wide truths and beauties which had created Athens and the Latin world. When the Pope, with his court, paid a visit to the university of Ferrara, he was entertained by private theatricals taken from Latin plays; and he found a girl of eigh-

teen uttering eloquent lectures upon the Greek and Latin masters. She was more a rationalist than a churchwoman. The journey of the Pope was made in the hope of conciliating the professors and students to his own cause. It was too late. The narrow books of the monks and the clergy had faded under the new classic sun. They were never to shine again. Luther himself was on earth only sixty-three years. The Reformation occupied more than three hundred years. Luther was potent only in the middle part of the great tumult. But that splendid period did not secure to the human mind all that free play of air and light, that rich soil, that rain and dew, that hot summer which are demanded by so divine a thing as the soul. There remained the race of kings and aristocratic and blooded families. These drew wealth and all good toward themselves. The common people were as much forgotten in Spain, France and England, as they were in the times of the Egyptian brickyards. It was the business of the millions simply to work, in order to pay large rents to the favored minority.

The Poverty of the Prophet.

Within a definite and beautiful channel moved all the heroism of the Old and New Testaments. It was a part of the Divine Providence (the whole of which we call inspiration), that gave these men their isolation, and through it their spiritual power. The poverty of the prophets, their half-wild life, their perfect concentration upon religion, were natural agencies that helped lift their souls up toward Deity. Their heroism was not that only of a soldier who dares the chance of battle, but it was also that of a philosopher who despises the pleasures and applause of the fashionable world. If you ask

the wide world in all its high civilization, from old Babylon to Athens, and onward to London and Paris, wherein lies the success of man, that broad, flashing world will tell you, by actions if not by words, that riches, and feasting, and power, and palaces, and titles, and the beauty of woman, the hilarity of wine, the romance of song, make up the significance of human life. In such a many-colored light society has always moved along in its dance of life and death.

Little Souls cannot be kept from the Bosom of God.

That God will approve of nothing wrong, is the hope of the world as to virtue. That he will reward those who love Him is the refuge of peace for each soul. In the presence of the God unveiled by Christ, the mother may in perfect hope lay down her infant in the grave. She needs place no holy earth in its coffin, no baptism upon its forehead ; she need read no ambiguous words from the rubric or the confession, for the God in Christ is a great God, and none but the consciously and willingly sinful need tremble at His wrath. As for the children in their tombs, they need no intervention of holy water or holy ground. All the maledictions of earth, all the condemnatory laws of all the bishops, all the anathemas of a thousand popes, could not detain one of those little souls a moment from the bosom of God.

Christmas and the Feasting of the Thousands.

In the story of the feeding of the multitude, there was more food after the feast than there was in its beginning; for the feast began in what one boy had in a basket ; but it took twelve boys and twelve baskets to carry away the fragments left on the tables and the grass. The explanation is given us in the statement that the Divine Lord presided at the out-door table, and had made starvation

turn into a banquet. The story illustrates well the multiplication of beauty when a great religion and a great philosophy repose beneath it, for what was one basketful when the hungry ones began to eat, becomes afterward more basketfuls than many hands can carry away from the blessed field. Christmas is the twelve baskets full found remaining from the first simple arts, and it should be an adequate explanation for us that a great Savior has passed over the banqueting ground.

Days when God was all.

What we call civilization is not the human condition that speaks always the most intense spiritual words. In a broad age the heart may love so many things that it loves nothing deeply. When the authors of the book of Job and of the Psalms wrote, there was nothing grand in the world but religion. There was no arts, no politics, no sciences, no romance. The greatest theme of poet and harpist was God.

Vines and Flowers.

It is impossible for the human mind to unfold in strength without unfolding toward beauty. There has been no instance of a purely useful progress. The moment a race has reached the reason that could create laws and found homes, in that moment has the race reached a love of ornamentation. When wisdom builds a house, then taste appears to decorate the house. When wisdom founds a republic, then taste comes to adorn the republic. Beauty can come without wisdom, but there is no instance in which wisdom has come without beauty. An effort has been made at times to suppress beauty—an effort by the monks, then by the Calvinists, then by the Quakers, but these efforts have been over-whelmed by the rush of the whole human

race, and while the ascetics were most active in their little arenas, Europe was painting and carving and building and was planning its greatest music. The Monks, the Calvinists, the Friends were soon hidden like cold rocks, under wreaths of vines and flowers. Musical instruments have entered the churches which once lived upon salvation alone, and now the Presbyterian and Methodist children dress like lilies and violets and dance like the waving boughs of trees or the waving fields of wheat.

The Outlook Draped With Clouds.

If only a few men in a generation were struggling for gold, the world could bear the strain, but when the public philosophy is material, and all the sweet infants are born into the passion for money as they are born into liberty and language, the outlook seems draped with clouds.

The Hindoo Fakirs Are All Theologians.

Men come to the minister of religion and ask him how he explains this and that dark page of history, this or that dogma. Oftentimes the best reply would be, "Turn aside from all that record and go and ask *this* age, *these* scenes, the wants of to-day, the longings of your soul to give you back the lost or injured God." Much that is called theology is only the place where men have trampled down the ground in their own mad conflicts. In India devout heathen move in procession through the streets saying, "ram," "ram," and the spectators bow because those who run are priests of religion; but the infinite God is not there. Those fakirs that cut their bodies with knives are all theologians.

Coleridge in Chamouni.

As a fact, no age will ever be able to find an exact image of the Creator. But the world is cumulative, and will, as a general rule, give in its later estimate more truth in religion than it found in all former meditations. Hence, you feel ever the impulse of worship, the sweetness of it, the solemnity of it in the spirit, you are careful to kneel at the altar of a great God, that you may yourself be transfigured on the holy mount. It often comes to pass that the best worship comes into the soul when it is out under the heavens at night, or in the forests in Summer, because there the infinity of the sky, that host of stars whose light has come to us by falling a million years, or the sweet solitude of the forest, where every leaf seems written upon by the finger of the Omnipresent One, fills the human spirit with such a consciousness of a great God, that the worshiper bursts forth in tears. Coleridge, in the valley of Chamouni, betrays the secret of all deep worship:

Awake,
Voice of sweet song ! Awake, my heart, awake !
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn,
Thou first and chief sole sovereign of the vale,
Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night
And visited all night by troops of stars.

The Years an Etruscan Vase.

Write down, my young friend, as a law of God worthy of your love, this potency of the human will. Guided by the right, the right of public and private life, and the right in religion, it will take these years and shape them as the potter shapes clay into an Etruscan vase. But, this law neglected, all these years sink into a sleep that knows no waking.

Where Sin Is God is Not.

The religious history of the world marks not the place where God has been, but only the places where human hope and human madness, human darkness and light, met and struggled and bled. When the poor heretic was burned at Geneva, when the covenanter girl was tied to the stake where the tide would slowly rise over her, when the witches were burned, when infants were damned God was not present; religion was not there. Those places were spots where contending men met just as old Carthage and old Alexandria were places where opposing vandals came together.

Highest Education Tends to Simplicity.

It is now well known that the highest education itself tends to a simplicity of words and thought. Youth and romantic years may love obscure dreamings, and there are conditions of intellect that delight in the unfathomable of thought, but the world as a vast body of rational beings delights in truths the clearest and language the simplest. As the open sunlight is dear to all, so men like to sit down in the best light of truth. And if this is not true of all the days of men, it is true of their best days at least, the days of most sincerity and solemnity.

Christmas a Highwave of Goodwill to Men.

That Christmas which in these December days is attempting to express itself over all the cities and villages of two continents, which is hanging its wreathes, bedecking its pine trees, buying its gifts, preparing its table, inviting its guests, singing its anthems and songs, is only an effort of human love to express itself to the rushing world. It says to the pulpit, "You cannot fully express me;" it says to the books, "You cannot fully

proclaim me;" it says to the artist, "You cannot paint my picture;" it says to the organ and violin, "You cannot sound forth my presence and charm. I shall go to every fireside, and shall ask all the inmates of the scattered homes to put my wreathes in their windows and kindle my fire on every hearth. To all the arguments of the statesman I shall add the pleadings of flowers in mid-winter, and to all the pleadings of literature and of the orators I shall add the happy laughter of the little child, and thus by many concurring voices, each beautiful; by many witnesses, all telling one beautiful thought, I will teach the Jew and Gentile that Christ's religion is a wave, high and wide, of good-will to men."

Usefulness is born of Love.

As liberalism is the seeker of the wider truth and the more permanent usefulness, so its opposite is the dissipation of the soul's forces over what is not of long life nor of value while it lives. The greatest usefulness comes from the concentration of love upon objects the most noble. The moment a man finds time or the disposition to love some small rite or ceremony, that moment his heart has divided up its current. Instead of flowing into the sea majestically like the Amazon, its love spreads out like the delta of the Nile into a hundred channels, through no one of which can an ocean ship pass. Any great truth sailing up toward such a heart must anchor on the outside.

The Greatness of the World.

Often when one falls into a deep thought over the earth with its marvelous qualities and contents, its size, its motions, its seasons, its land, water, air, light, its motion around its axis, and around the sun, its speed—sixty-eight thousand miles an hour—forever, the sunlight and

moonlight on the fields and waters, its forests, its fields, its fruits, its harvests, its grasses, its blossoms, its rains, its dews, its lightening, its thunder, its life, beginning in the butterfly and ending in man, its great animal—man—a marvelous mind, amazing in art, reason, love, memory, and hope; man—the amazing creature that lives and—what is as wonderful—dies; the mind sinks from weakness and says: “It is impossible! Such things cannot be true; there is no such world; such things could not be; it is some dream, the reality is plainly impossible.” But after the mind has said over and over, “The world is impossible,” its decision is set at naught by the real, for the foot moves out upon the ground, the hand plucks a flower, the eye sees the heavens and the ocean, friends call, the streets swarm with life, they roar with industry, and the impossible surrenders gracefully to the fact. Thus with the idea of God. Its greatness forms no obstacle in the path of faith. The words infinite, eternal, invisible, all-wise, and omnipresent are made necessary, not by the books of the theologian, but by the unparalleled greatness and wonder of the entire spectacle.

The New Testament has been Compelled to keep bad Company.

God alone can look through incidents or accidents and see the intrinsic worth beyond. The human mind can not penetrate the universe, but it must look at the externals and there locate its love or hate. The New Testament has been compelled to keep some very bad company in its day. It had to live awhile with Augustine, who was as much Pagan as Christian, and who was as obscure as midnight. It suffered from partnership with Tertullian, and then from the long dark ages which

taught all the follies possible to human imagination, and quoted God's words in their support; and then from even Luther and Calvin, who added as much of the false and the terrible to the Bible as they drew from it of the true and beautiful. Thus all the way of its march the divine book has suffered from the badness of the company it has kept.

Space Seems Impossible.

The universe transcends the mind in so many places and manners that man need not be surprised to find himself surpassed by the conception of a Creator. Space seems impossible, because man can not conceive of that which has no outer boundary. If space possessed an outer boundary, then there would be still room beyond the bound. Space is therefore impossible. So time is made impossible by the fact that everything must have had a beginning, and if time has a beginning there must have been something previous to time.

The Fourth and Fifth Centuries.

In the fourth and fifth centuries of our era, the European state closed the Greek and Latin gates against the human intellect, and ordered those who could read or who desired to read, to study the holy writings of the monks and the ecclesiastics of all degrees. For centuries, the public mind drew its nutriment from the biographies of wonderful ascetics and metaphysical inquirers. Instead of being a distributor of all valuable goods, the religio-state was busy in keeping all the classic goods away from the multitude. Instead of helping the Selkirk on his island home, the State invaded the island to rob him, and instead of giving what he needed, it took away his hatchett, his saw, and his gun. A city of antiquity was captured, not by a beating down of walls, or by the

device of the wooden horse, but by cutting off the river which flowed through it. Without water for man or beast, the great capital was compelled to surrender. Thus the state church cut off from the Christian public the classic river, and soon the mind surrendered, and the Dark Ages set in.

No More Military Poems.

No military poems have been composed since the coming of Jesus Christ. Before His day, the most gifted brains busied their muse with the battles of Agamemnon, Achilles, and Æneas. But when after Christ the highest form of literature began to come back to the world, the battle-cry, the mad career of ambition, the rolling chariot, the cloud of arrows, had disappeared from poetry.

An Endless Problem.

All minds which assume the existence of a God, must consent to confess together over an endless problem—endless as to this world—the nature of God. A thoughtful atheism would not escape debate and unrest, because it would be compelled to contend always with the question, how natural forces could make such a universe and fill it with such a thinking mind as that of man. The universe without a God seems at least as difficult as the universe with one. Atheism is, therefore, no escape from mental perplexity. Man is here, and in such circumstances that an intellectual battle is unavoidable. Atheist or Deist, he must live in the presence of a great problem. The only escape from the perplexing inquiries is to be found in an indifference akin to sleep or mental torpidity.

Many Thoughts Die.

Not all new thoughts are the result of the age, for there is a great difference between a new thought and a new truth. Many thoughts die. The socialism of Fourier and Owen was only a thought. The age did not make it and would not support it, but liberty was a truth of the age and on it went with a resistless impulse. The mind now possesses such a new activity that it is overflowing with projects. Not one-third part of these ever turn into great truths. The flying instrument of Darius Green never took its place among the products of the century. It was only a suggestion. Darius made a motion, but it was not seconded.

But Little New Truth.

No one therefore, can teach us anything about man and God, but there is many a one, poet or writer or friend, who can persuade us to pass once again along an old path. We can easily imagine a meeting of two astronomers, a Herschel and a Mitchell, and a long conversation as coming, which, without giving to either a single new thought, would make the universe more thrilling to both; or we can conceive of a meeting between two great statesmen, which conference, without adding a shadow of new truth to either mind, might make them both weep over the greatness and beauty of civilization. If the pulpit had to be a bureau of information many honest clergymen would at once resign; but they may well remain in their places, because the chief ends of thought and speech are to canvass the field of probability and hope, to keep thought active, to retrace old paths, to entice each other away from a pure materialism and to pour into some hours an element of spirituality.

Poverty and Wealth.

Daniel and Isaiah and Ezekiel, who knew of nothing great in the world except the great Jehovah. In poverty came all these men, rich only in their dreams of the King of kings. To them earth was remarkable, not for its art and sciences, but as being the temple of God.

Conditions of Success.

The success of mankind all depends upon three things: the discovery of its laws being well-being, its freedom to obey those laws, and the goodness that will render obedience. No one of these three elements can alone secure good for man. Freedom to follow law is vain, unless man knows what are the laws of his nature. Knowledge is vain without freedom; and both knowledge and freedom are useless unless the heart has the goodness that will make its knowledge and liberty pass into action. The Indians have freedom, but they do not what are the highest aims of the human spirit. The criminal and the vagabond have both the information and the liberty, but they are wanting in that goodness which can turn truth and freedom into the actuality of being. Three ingredients must, therefore, meet to compose a valuable society—knowledge, freedom and goodness.

Not Everything Beautiful.

Not every single thing was to be beautiful, but there was to be a great tendency in that direction. Not much would escape its touch. There was to be here and there a flower which no woman or child would care for; and now and then a shell with no color in the lining. But these exceptions were to weigh little with any mind which should study the general tendency of all nature to burst out into beauty. The workers in wood find more

than thirty kinds which reveal beauty when their surface is polished. The number of stones which polish into beauty must be above a hundred. At least the number is great enough to employ man's hand and delight his heart.

Egotism.

Not simply were those Bible-makers from Moses to Paul all intellectually gifted, but they were almost sublime in the heroism of their conduct. We are all by nature worshipers of heroes. Heroism is the subjection of self to the interest of a multitude or of a principle. One of the largest and weakest qualities in man is his egotism. Egotism is an emotion that makes other people unimportant compared with self. It is the willingness that others should bear the burden of toil and of poverty, that others should die on the battle-field, that others should care for the poor and sit by the bedside of the dying. Egotism is the nomination and the election and coronation of self as king. Heroism is the opposite sentiment. By as much as the former is contemptible, the latter is sublime. As the world hates the one, it loves the other.

Thomas Jefferson.

Thomas Jefferson deduced from all literature and history the notion that the slaves ought to be free, and at last he said: "Nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate than that these people are to be free." But the spectacle of liberty had not become brilliant enough to transform the statesman into a champion of immediate liberty for all. Mr. Phillips came a half century later, when the facts of the Nation had become deeply impressive. While we award praise to the orator, let us not forget that com-

munity which in silence enacted the beautiful drama of the untrammelled mind. The Northern people, in their life, made the speech for the statesman.

The Bible in the Schools.

While the Bible held its place in the schools by power of conscience, or by a cheerful public consent, all was well. Its lessons fell on good ground, like seed upon rich soil in the sunshine of Spring. When these divine lessons at last need the strong arm of law, and of doubtful or unjust law, to sustain them in public schools, then they cease to fall upon the heart as dew from Heaven, but come to the ear more as orders from a powerful despot, whose potency is to be found in the police. In a New England village, two weeks ago, in a school where half were Catholic and half were Protestant children, the village schoolmaster and village priest fell to fighting in the school room as to the reading or the not reading of the sermon on the Mount. It is said that much of German infidelity has come from an enforced religion. Compulsory Bibles and compulsory prayers have never proven a valuable element in the spread of religion.

Salvation and Forms.

In the former centuries it was well enough to combine inseparably salvation and forms, salvation and baptism, or salvation and a church, or salvation and a certain "experience," for then all were ready to believe any thing, and the more ceremony there was the more welcome the religion. Even such a proud and lofty king as Louis XIV. said in his dying moments, "I have done whatever my Church has told me to do. I know nothing of Christian duty except as directed by my bishops. If I have done wrong the blame rests

upon them." In all former times it mattered not if Heaven and trifling forms were bound together. But in our age there has come to the surface a new class of persons. Issuing from a new world of literature, of developed reason, of deep, sober reflection, they demanded a Christianity purified. They will not, like Louis XIV., say, "I have done whatever my priest has told me to do;" but, cutting loose from these human masters, and passing out into the new world of light and liberty, they will place their hand upon their heart, and looking up to God, say, "What wouldst *Thou*."

Religion Kind to All Ages.

Adult life is drawn into the great December whirl of joy, not only because of the power of sympathy between age and childhood, but also because a religion which is kind to one age must be kind to all ages. A philosophy which loves little children cannot insult a Mary Magdalen, nor be unmoved by the common cry of one race. Within the whole bound of such a system a prodigal can say: "I will arise and go to my father." To a heart kind toward a child any strong man may repair. In it even the brute may take refuge, for the human soul can have only one color. As the sun touches all objects, stone, or water, or leaf, or face, with its one kind of beam, so the kind heart has for man or brute, child and adult, only one dominant sentiment. Therefore, the Christmas for children involves all middle life and the later years in its outpouring of good will.

Saviour.

He calls Himself "Saviour" but He waits not to place Himself upon the platform of the various theories regarding the manner of the great price paid or to be

paid for the soul. He seems to love the broad name of "Saviour" or leader of the soul, that all, of whatever age, child or father, of whatever condition, learned or unlearned, may take the grand word to heart, and draw life and peace from it merciful, elastic breath. On account of this tendency of Christ to deal in universals, He has stood forth in beauty and light even when around those who pretended to follow Him has roared the storm of debate. The long and bloody conflict that has often made the Christian Church resemble the arena of Nero's gladiators, or the orgies of the painted Indians, arose out of these limited intellects which emerged from cells and convents and inquired whether the atonement was limited or general, whether the halo about the Christ was derived or underived and whether the Holy Ghost proceeded eternally from the Father alone or from both the Father and the Son.

August Comte.

Fifty years have passed since August Comte began to promulge what he called "The Positive Philosophy." He was led to it by his long study of all that past which had viewed all things in a theological light or in a metaphysical light. According to this acute Frenchman the human family had lived long enough under the theological theory; long enough under the idea that God or the gods had decreed this or that form of being or event. He affirmed also that, after mankind had wasted years and ages in the construction of theological systems, more time still was lost over metaphysical inquiries. He asked the world to leave both these old paths and begin to study all the facts of man and nature and thus have the pleasure of walking in a path which lay within a reality. Man was to be an observer, not a theorizer.

He was to learn from the facts all the general principles and laws which human life would need for its conduct. As our mathematics, agriculture and machinery, do not repose upon theology or metaphysics, so all the social duties and privileges and pleasure were to rest upon what facts man could collect and examine and classify. Thus was man to escape from all simple conjecture and be the possessor of a positive philosophy.

It was a grave objection to this method that it omitted the idea of God, and, therefore, all the phenomena of worship and religion. It was a cold study of facts, much like the estimates of the astronomer or the geographer. Comte, however, revealed in his books the new style of the present age—the new weariness over abstractions and unmeaning miracles, and the new fondness for the daily facts of man's life.

“Righteous”—“Converted.”

A *righteous* man must be confessed to be a *converted* man. The Church possesses no analysis by which it can open a heart and find that morality is not regeneration, and that the prayers and hymns of a ‘moralist’ do not issue from the Holy Spirit, who, imaged as a dove, flies back and forth forever over the ocean of soul. There are hundreds of men in this city and every where, who, loving the New Testament, and bowing in reverence before its central character, and living and upright life, are yet viewed as heirs of perdition, because they have not passed through an ‘experience’ defined by mistaken fathers, who seemed to be able to analyze the workings of the spirit both of man and of God. In closing its doors against ‘mere moralists,’ in waiting for only those who should come through the gate of miracle, through

the tumult of an "experience," the Church has shut out a large upper class, and has not only deprived itself of power, but has done an injustice toward some of the noblest members of society.

Christ Spoke for a Whole World.

Do not permit these proud days to deceive you. The time is not far away when you will feel that it is not in the power of rhetoric or passion to add anything to the words of Jesus Christ. The metaphysician may secretly regret that the Nazarene did not discourse like a Plato or a Locke ; the poet may wish that the Son of Man had said more about land, sea, and sky, about opening spring-time or the falling leaf ; the Calvinist and Trinitarian may wish they could find in the Lord's discourse a system that should more fully shadow forth their own ; and devotees of science may feel at times that the Cosmos of Humboldt surpasses the simple story of the Gospels ; but these longings and complaints are only the result of narrow specializations. Christ spoke for a whole world, for the times of its greatest need, and the wish of the specialist is engulfed in the wide, infinite wish of mankind. Our wishes are the style of time : Christ's manner the style of eternity.

Washington.

Washington was destitute of the poetic sentiment. He saw a great end with wonderful distinctness, and the path to that end, and, in the prosecution, of this gigantic task, December and May were both one. He may have been thankful for flowers, but he did not complain about thorns. His heart was not easily broken. When his troops were hungry and in rags he spoke to them only the more kindly. When too feeble to fight he could re-

treat. He could wait as long as any general living, When the roads were good, he advanced more easily; but when mud and snow were deep he still advanced. When the great Benedict Arnold, one of his most trusted friends, betrayed a most valuable garrison, Washington closed up the opened gate in a few hours. When Congress was without sense and without skill, Washington was on hand with both, at all hours, with a wisdom that never left him for a moment in seven years. Never before had the world seen such a clear grasp of the value of human liberty and such a uniform realization of means to an end. His mind did not flash like a cannon or like a meteor. It poured out constantly, like the sun, The calmness he possessed was not that of insensibility, but it was that of an unchanging power. He lived in a group of years in which each day was great. In a time when a little republic was lying under the wheels of old iron chariots, how could any small hours come? The age not only lifted Washington up to a high level, but it compelled him to remain there until he was taken down for burial. Even when he retired to Mt. Vernon to find years of peace, the nation followed him and made him act as chief of the army, and of an army the most illustrious of any that had ever carried spear or gun.

"Let Me Die in Peace."

His heart never failed but once, and that was when he sunk in death, saying: "You can do nothing for me. Let me die in peace."

The Power of Words.

Father and daughter were sounds that scarcely rose one shade above the terms male and female; and the word man differed but little from the word brute. But along came the mighty stages of development pouring

around these ideas the light of new thought and the warmth of new love. As the foliage of each Summer, and the riches of the elements fall upon the earth each year and make its soil deeper and richer, so the successive generations cast their thoughts and affections and actions down upon the world of ideas, and these ideas grow more and more luxuriant under this long lasting care. Behold the Greeks adding to the import of the word "art"! Under their care how the word "beauty" exapnds! And then Antigone came along, born out of poetry, and by her pure and infinite affection put to shame that estimate of sister seen in the history of Abraham and Lot. Look into the nineteenth century and mark how it has enlarged these terms. Ask Cowper the meaning of that word "mother" that runs along through so many languages. He gazes at the portrait and says, with tears,

"O that those lips had language."

Christ Shaping the Literature of Doubt.

The word "mother" comes down through thirty languages and through thirty centuries, but.

When some one misunderstood the argument of Judge Booth, and accused him of denying the future life of the soul, he comes forward and says he should be very unwilling to deny or doubt the future life of man. Thus while the Judge denies the exceptional raising of Christ, he casts himself fully upon the future life of the soul, of Christ, and of all souls. Thus Christ shapes even the literature of doubt. Thus there is blowing all over the intellectual world, in its most logical hours even, a wind of paradise that fans all the temples that throb with being. That this universal hope comes from the matchless character

of Christ, more than from all other sources combined, I have not a shadow of doubt. All the ideas and emotions we carry in our hearts have come to us from fountains dripping far away from ourselves. So invisible are these fountains, so unconscious are our spirits of being fed by any such springs, that we pass along through life often as though we were independent thinkers, and were elaborating all our ideas out of our own minds, as the sun hurls forth light out of its own bosom.

Mistakes of Agnostics.

The agnostic and atheistic minds make a great mistake when they say that it is human thought that makes God; that God is a creation of man's brain. They cite as evidence the many gods and kinds of gods in which the race has believed. Such allegations are powerless and irrelevant; for music and all beauty have suffered as much from the different students of these passing forms, but no one has possessed the mental weakness that could deduce from a discordant past the conclusion that there were no such an entity as music or beauty. On the contrary, all have affirmed that a drum, beaten by a savage, every word sung by a harsh Indian voice, has been a proof and a prophecy of a coming art powerful and endless. In such a world, where early errors often point to coming truths, where the imperfect virtues of the best men point toward the character of that Being from whom man came. If, as the ages pass, man becomes more humane, more just, more widely loving, these manifestations of mind proclaim in louder and louder accents the benevolence of God. These hands, open and reached out in friendship, all point in one way—toward a love infinite.

Ten Thoughts.

Looking at the Decalogue for an hour—a reading will not answer the demands of the Ten Thoughts—studying for an hour, or a day, that digest of principles, and remembering in what an age that generalization was made, when slaves were flying from bondage and scarcely knew which was the better, bondage or freedom, the heart must be lost to reason if it does not say over those laws, here a huge intellect has been hurling around him the large ideas of life, standing amid the ideas of sin, like Samson between the columns of the temple, needing only to reach out his arms and the whole fabric tumbles.

Christmas a Simple Language.

Christmas is a language simpler than that of all the creeds and of all moral philosophy. While the creed is saying, "God is love, and man must love his neighbors;" while moral philosophy is telling man his duty toward man, the Christmas bells suddenly ring and the curtain rises upon a world where millions of hearts are carrying each some gift to other hearts, and for the day, the earth is full of that love which in philosophy, is only a dream. On this day the theory of friendship turns into an action.

Angelo and Raphael.

Christianity helped to make Angelo and Raphael by furnishing them with grand themes. As no lips can be eloquent unless they are speaking in the name of a great truth, so no painter can paint unless some one brings him a great subject. Heaven and hell made the poet Dante. Christianity made Beatrice. Paradise made John Milton. The mother of our Lord and the last judgment made Angelo. It is the great theme that makes the orator, the painter, the poet. The great theme

lifts up the soul and makes it the revealer of a new world. Great minds were sleeping in every age in some cradle in city and village, or lonely cottage, but they passed through manhood and on to the tomb unheard, because no great theme had come along to wake them into a broad, infinite life. What Gray wrote in his elegy possesses as much of philosophic truth as of poetic sweetness:

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

An Ideal Christmas.

Our age does not want the cost of Christmas to increase, but it does want its good will to men to deepen with each passing year. Since we stood at this festival, last year, our planet has carried our race once around the great sun, five hundred millions of miles, holding our homes and our world always within the reach of the radiant light. In all that long journey the earth has never been away from the touch of that transforming love. But each December asks the sun to look down upon a larger human race, greater cities, greater arts, greater sciences, richer fields, more blessed homes. Must the heart of man stand still? It, too, must hasten forward, and put millions of miles between itself and its cold or savage centuries. The scenes of barbarism must give place to the scenes of friendship. Five hundred friendly Indians are said to have been sent to persuade their warlike fellows to accept of peace. Persuasion is better than guns. It is a higher art. The white man cannot afford to be swift to shed blood. Persuasion is an art that has made all the orators that have lived, and

beneath all the great books of the world lies the art of persuasion. Last week when word came of the violent death of certain Indians there came into this city an Indian who had graduated in Oxford, England, and who, a scholar of the highest type, is a near friend of many scholars in Oxford and London. He passed from the wild forest to the learning of Europe. No one talking with this dark visaged scholar will dare say a dead Indian is the only good one. The maxims of an army often differ widely from the maxims of a Christ ; but this we know, that the maxims of Jesus will bloom in immortality when the world's military trappings shall all be forgotten dust. The death of an Indian or Indians may be a necessity of the hour, but that necessity is often the result of those wasted years in which divine power of persuasion did not play its nobler part. The gun is a poor substitute for the school-house ; and an Indian agent is a poor exponent of the wisdom and love of a matchless century.

The Great Discoveries of our Era.

When we see the modern inventions we all exclaim what a wonderful thing it was to learn the habits and the power of steam and electricity! But these wonders are only specimens of the power and beauty of all knowledge. Which would you prefer to possess, the power to send a dispatch quickly or the power to enjoy a great book or a great piece of music, or to talk upon all subjects with some wise friend? The great discoveries of our era are only an external advertisement of a wider and deeper knowledge as existing in the mind of the countless multitude. The steam engine is a great piece of human knowledge, but it proclaims a wisdom far greater than itself. It tells of a universal thought, of which it is

itself only a fragment. The modern knowledge regarding industry, education, rights, conduct, home, kindness, all science, all morals, all beauty, is so wide and deep that our inventions are only one mountain peak taken in a range which crosses a hemisphere.

Liberty.

To prevent this knowledge from being useless the mind must live under the banner of liberty. Having discovered wise or beautiful paths, man must be free to pursue them. Memory recalls the Galileo who was not free to study the stars, and memory recalls all the minds and hearts in Russia which must breathe in whispers truths which ought to rend the air in song and hymn and in all high eloquence. These thoughts are cherished in cellars which ought to be like rainbows and span the sky. In Russia truth is divorced from liberty.

Martyrdom an Error and a Crime.

When John Rogers or Servetus was suffering in the flames, could the great God of Heaven have revealed Himself, could that wretched throng around the kindling fire have had their souls enlarged until the true idea of God could have found entrance, that company would have plucked the victim from the stake and have begged to be forgiven for an error so weak and for a crime so cruel. They would have wept for days over such an injustice to a brother, and for engaging in such a satire upon the Almighty.

The God Idea.

The religious mind, be it Christian or Deistic, does not carry any more of credulity than is carried about by the atheist. It requires as much childishness to say that man came from water, dirt, heat and light, as that he came from a God. What difference there is in the

two forms of thought is in favor of the religious mind, because there are a dignity, a sublimity, and a moral beauty in the assumption that our universe is the work of a Creator, and that we are all the children of a great Father. If utility and beauty can be a sign of truth, then the God-idea appears at once as the more true. The coldness and narrowness of atheism are conspicuous and are inseparable from itself. It is unable to fan the noble flames in the heart ; it possesses no sympathy, no inspirational force, it has no romance, no beauty, no art, no infinite out-look. It can not possibly possess a single element of greatness because its universe takes its rise in the atoms of earth and water, and the mind which starts with such a causation can never find any motive for tending upward in emotion or life. If "out of nothing comes nothing," then out of what is next to nothing the result is small.

Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

You all know that Tennyson could not have written his "In Memoriam" had he lived in the days of Homer or Virgil. Then he would have followed the flag of the Ajaxes and the Achilles, and have told us how the body of Hector was dragged around the streets behind the chariot of a savage conqueror. But Christ carried the modern poet away from the dust-cloud of battle and made him sing a loftier song. Great as Homer is, his poetry has only the attractiveness of ambition and of the emblazonry of arms, of the marshaling of troops on a battle-field, and the whole pomp and circumstance of war. Great as Homer was, he could not have written one verse of the "In Memoriam," in all his gifted life. The Christ had not yet come to empty the urns of love, and purity and immortality, into the human heart.

Mozart's Desire.

There was an hour when Mozart wished to hear only the Requiem. Thus in the vast world of thought there are times in the life of each being, however educated and great, when the soul asks not for argument, but for food; not for magnificence of sound, but for simple words of life and hope. Christ is fortunate in that he uttered words just such as men need in their best hours, words not noisy like a military band cheering men onward to ambition and bloodshed, but sweet like a harp, helping the soul to pass resignedly from these shores.

The Mind of God and of His Children.

This strange wonderment is based upon the essential oneness of all intelligence. There could not be an intelligence which would not recognize the fact and thought in a circle traversed by diameters. But this leads to a greater conclusion—that the mind of God and his rational children is one and the same in quality, and that therefore all the good minds of earth are faint photographs of that intelligence whence they all came. What has taught us that man should not kill his neighbor nor steal from his neighbor? It was mind not long thinking that at last asserted these principles. All mind being one, these two principles appearing upon earth tell us that God, too, is moved by the same form of words; because there cannot be a mind which can escape the figures and axioms of either geometry or morals. It is proper, therefore, to affirm that all the good men upon this planet are pointing toward the character of Him whose throne is in the center of this intellectual empire.

Politics.

Coming to politics, we see on all sides in the new free governments of the earth, footprints of the Barons fight-

ing with King John, and of Washington and Lafayette struggling in the wilds of the new world. The broad earth, with all its mental and emotional contents, with all its truth and beauty, is only a place where man in some form of greatness has been. In the old red sandstone of New England, rocks are pointed out upon which great birds ran thousands of years ago. Perhaps before the human race lived those birds spread their half-made wings and hurried along on foot before the coming storm. And in those days the storms were terrific. The clouds swept hot and low, and the whole earth trembled with the thunder. Along the great western river there are cliffs a thousand feet high, and between them a valley five miles wide, the scene telling us what a mighty river flowed in that vale before man came to the Garden of Eden. Thus the moral earth bears evidence of its mighty past, and in all its learning, and politics, and art, and religion, say to us: "Here the giants have been. These are the paths trodden by their heavy feet."

The Beauty of Homely Heroes.

Art forgets that the beauty of graceful lines is not half so impressive as the beauty of that marked, that homely face, where the God-like energy of the soul fought the great battle of politics, liberty, or science, or religion. When we remember what mighty works they have done and at what a cost of purpose, we desire no longer to have the old heroes come to us in the likeness of girlhood, but in the deep lines of power and solemnity.

The Old Baleful Theology.

Our age must part company with the baleful associations of the old theology. A theology that unconsciously degraded the God it loved; it must define religion to be,

not a belief, but a piety; it must look up to God and from the Father, Son, and Spirit draw down a religion with the greatness of God written all over it. It must hear that voice that created all things by the word of its power repeating the deep laws of his temple—a righteousness that loves the true and good; a faith that guides; a penitence that washes white; a love that embraces the world; a hope that adds eternity to time, paradise to earth, and a Christ the leader and inspiration in the midst of these doctrines, and then upborne by ideas so vast and so true the age may soon cease to weep that its temples do not bring it a higher civilization. We dare not make God a party to our petty warfare of creeds. We dare not employ Him in our inquisitions or in our debates over transubstantiation or legitimacy. He must be seen only as the Great God sitting upon the throne of justice, so lofty, so infinite, that a soul passing into his temple will feel that nothing but a pure heart can fit it for so sublime a worship.

Jasper in the Rock of Poverty.

Almost the whole column of great names stands upon the bed-rock of humble property. Our statesmen, our thinkers, our writers, our judges on the bench, our orators, have all been born poor. In all the history of man the pursuit of gold has warred against the development of self. The rock of poverty seems hard and cold, but within it is jasper.

Rivalry instead of Worship.

It is now complained by public men, men full of fear for our country overrun by all forms of vice, that religion is doing little to purify the atmosphere that hangs like a cloud of doom over our nation. How far the Church at large merits such words of half sorrow and half reproach,

no one can tell; but we feel fully ready to say that the more the altars of human worship draw their light and inspiration from the character of God alone, and linger less around the ideas that come only from man, the more rapid will be the ascent of the nation toward a higher life. Many an altar now exists to which the worshipers repair, not that they may find holiness, but may keep alive some ideas held by their fathers. A large part of church life is only a rivalry about systems instead of a humble worship of God.

Faith, Hope and Will.

Faith and hope are a great motive power of the world. Along with a powerful will they cast the heart forward. But without faith or hope the will has no path for its mighty action. A large ship must have a sea to sail in. How shameful to launch an ocean-palace in only a stagnant pond! So the will-power seen in man begs for the ocean of faith and hope. Such machinery, such masts, such canvas, demand that the sea be deep and the voyage long. Life has always been compared to the sea. Accepting the figure, let us declare that faith and hope are the winds that blow over it, not only carrying our vessels to all the ports of the mighty nations, but ruffling the waters, making them sweet and beautiful. Faith comes into Christianity from the general outside experience of mankind. It did not originate in Christianity any more than eloquence originated in politics, or color on the painter's canvas. Eloquence journeyed into the political life because great themes lay there to be developed, and colors lingered with Titian and Paul Veronese because they held in their brains the subject, and in their souls the taste that could weave into matchless beauty the gaudy pencils of light.

The Wills of the Rich.

The wills of the rich are thus only penitential tears falling over a misspent life, telling us not how gold should be employed after one has gotten a million and stands by a grave, but how it should be administered when one's cheek is still in bloom and the star of the soul shines out in its first magnitude.

The Bible Definite and Indefinite.

The Bible is the most indefinite of books in the delineation of forms, and the most definite of all books in pointing out the reward and punishment of virtue and vice. Its baptism is obscure; its righteousness is most evident. Only a small precise and trifling argument can find Presbyterianism or the Episcopacy in the Bible; but a broad, visible, noble argument, points out the Savior of mankind. It is only a microscopic analysis that can find in that book the world's "Confessions of Faith," but the human soul can not read a page in the book without hearing a whole sky-full of angels saying, "Blessed are the pure in heart." The manner of baptism, the time, the manner of the Trinity, the last analysis of Christ, the presbyter or the bishop, all these and a thousand more ideas lie in the Bible in utter neglect, because the God whom we worship has no preference here. He cares not what man finds in the holy writings if he only finds virtue.

Wendell Phillips.

The world is being pushed forward by the actual friends of the beautiful, the good, the true. The army arrayed for war need not be half as large as the army arrayed for peace. Some men are made for attack. Wendell Phillips was fashioned for war against slavery, but his tongue was made eloquent by all those millions

of whites who had worked out and expressed all the manifold good of liberty. In order that an age may see slavery in all its social imperfections it is necessary for the same age to see the natural outcome of all culture and freedom. While the poor slaves are living the kind of existence which reason would disprove, it is necessary for some part of the community to live that high intellectual life which reason would ask society to prefer. It was the fact that millions of men and women were living such a personal, free life that made it possible for Mr. Phillips to be eloquent. He was indorsed by a great fact. He was rescued from theological dogma and from obscure metaphysics. He was only the utterance of his age. He stood upon a positivism which knew little doubt, but the war of the orator was no greater than the long peace of the people.

What Overthrew Slavery?

What overthrew slavery? Some will recall at once the great abolitionists; but those fighting intellects will form only a part of the true reply. That institution fell before the patriotism of the century. In the former periods slaves did all the manual work of the world. The men who were born free were all idle. They soon became the victims of vice. What liberty there was in classic Rome soon ended in a corrupt manhood. In those long years there were no orators against human bondage because the opposite of bondage had never been fully wrought out. After the blessings of freedom had been fully revealed by the human life in England and New England, it was not difficult for a new oratory to come. It was the result of a new phenomenon in human experience.

A Vastness of Love.

Pass from the Decalogue to the political career of Moses, and there the same vastness appears, only it is not a vastness of intellect, but of love. He led a large multitude tenderly, as though they were his children. By day he advised, and cheered, and guided them ; by night he wept and prayed.

The Pulpit Knows but Little.

The pulpit knows no more about man's nature, origin, and destiny, no more about God and heaven than is known by the lawyer or editor, the carpenter or the blacksmith. The human race is now so old that what information its wise men possessed in early times about the Deity has become widely disseminated ; most perfectly mixed into the average minds of any given age. When a few drops of some red substance are let fall into a bottle of transparent water, the color retains its isolation for a few moments, but time and motion diffuse the crimson, and at last the transparent water is gone and the deep red is gone, and the volume of fluid is all one uniform pink. Thus time and tumult have made us all alike in our religious knowledge and ignorance. The ages have shaken the bottle of knowledge and we are all of nearly one color of ignorance and wisdom.

The Old Slave at Goat Island.

Upon Goat Island in the Niagara, upon a Sunday, years ago, I found, hidden away at the root of a tree, a servant from the hotel, reading in his Testament about the crucifixion. He was an old emancipated slave. Upon being questioned as to whether he loved that passage above all, he said he always cried over the idea that for even black men a Christ should have died. I won-

der whether any of the formulas of men about that death could ever entice from a slave's heart such a tribute of weeping. Here a humble fugitive slave came to fulfill the image of Tennyson:

All subtile thought, all curious fears,
Borne down by gladness so complete,
He bows, he bathes the Saviour's feet
With costly spikenard and with tears.

Roses of the Heart.

To one or two spots in Central Africa beauty has in truth come. But it did not spring up behind the recent expedition because there was not in that expedition nobleness enough to sustain any roses of the human heart.

Beauty in Darkest Africa.

Beauty in Darkest Africa waited for truth to come. It followed just as the rainbow follows the sun. In the settlement of Blantyre around a church of Jesus Christ stand many neat homes, stores, schools, and shops of industry. Along with these great thoughts and truths came climbing roses for each house, great beds of geraniums, blooming street, and shady avenues of orange trees; all the result of the noble truth and love stored up in the true missionaries of Christian religion. To few spots in Central Africa has this beauty come, because the most of white men have invaded that land in the capacity of heartless adventurers and have not taken with them any truth that could ever turn into music or plant a vine by a window.

God is Love.

A large part of the time of all the philanthropic, religious writers and speakers is spent in the effort to prove and illustrate the goodness of God. All who

attempt to speak comforting words to the poor, or the infirm, or the unfortunate, or the dying are often weighed down with the wish that they could possess some argument or fact which might compel an instantaneous assent to the idea that God is an infinite love. That old search for an elixir which would keep man from dying has failed so long and so utterly that it has been wholly abandoned. No one any longer expects to escape that final frost which in the long past has touched and silenced so many hearts. Some years ago Mr. Bancroft wrote to a public man and friend: "Being more than four score years old, I know that my release (from labor) will soon come. Conscious of being near the shore of eternity, I await without impatience and without dread the beckoning of that hand which will summon me to rest." Such a thought passes at some hour through each heart. No one expects to escape the beckoning hand. The human family having failed to find a spring or a divine dewdrop or a magical plant which might render man immortal. The next best medicine it seeks is some assurance that God is love. The alchemists have handed man's tears over to the theologian. Science, unable to dry up those tears or to analyze them, hands the sufferer over to the care of those who believe in a supreme creator.

Obedience to Law.

All the forms of life created in and for this world were made to move in obedience to certain laws. The bird must have the appetite and the unclipped wing. The ox must have the field of grass. The fish must have the water for its home. All these simple forms of existence assure us that man, too, has his ways of being, and while knowledge will point it out to him all these God-

made paths, liberty must permit him to move into them and along their entire length. When a nation closes these paths it is not the friend of man; it is only an enemy. Such nations have been made, not out of the philosophy of mankind, but out of absolute power. They stand as monuments of the place where humanity fell. The most of thrones have stood in memory of desolated races and centuries.

Relations involve Duties.

All relations involve duties. A citizen, a father, a friend, a painter, a poet, must confess duties that spring up from the peculiar qualities that give him the special name.

Nationalism.

Nationalism being such a pre-eminent idea, that will be the true and good nation which shall open and keep open the most gates of good to all its citizens. A glance at Selkirk in his island will instantly convince one that the design of a state is helpfulness. Its purpose is to throw around each citizen all that a mind needs. If a mind needs learning, music, eloquence, wisdom, art, science, house, furniture, protection, the nation is a vast, almost omnipotent, committee of ways and means to the desired ends.

What a Vision for Isaiah and John!

Could all the worthies, from Isaiah to St. John, have drawn aside the veil of the future, and have seen what a mighty part in far-off nations their words were to play; could the prophet have heard the Christians of the nine-

teenth century reading his word picture of the Redeemer, and could St. John have seen millions in the coming America poring over his fourteenth chapter, they might easily have endured all possible sorrows in view of the harvest in religion to wave on far-off shores. But before them lay the clouds that always shut off the future. They saw not the sublime reality. They walked in the solemnity of darkness, and as one by one they came to death, their mighty souls fed not upon sight, but upon the heroism of a lofty faith. As Washington's heart often sunk in the days of the Revolution, and as another President in our more recent trials often found the heavens dark above him and piteously prayed for help, so we know that at times the saints of the New Testament must have looked with sadness into each other's faces and have wondered whether just beyond the tomb Jesus would indeed come with His Paradise. And especially must these solemn thoughts have come crowding into the heart when upon the next day death was to come by the fagot or the axe.

Full Permission to be Educated.

To have full permission to acquire an education, permission to work and use the money which work brings, to have full access to nature, to books and art, to be free to point a telescope at the stars and learn whether the earth moves, free to study electricity as a Franklin, or the steamboat as a Fulton, or history as a Bancroft—this is that infinite privilege called liberty. It is too great to be defined, because to measure it, it would be necessary to enumerate all the blessings of all times. As the eagle must be free to use its wings, so man must be free to use his soul. Liberty includes all the utility and beauty of our race.

Christmas a Supplement to the Arts.

Christmas is a great supplement to the arts. It gathers up a world of beauty, which had to be passed by all the Angelos. Marble and cameos could not contain it all; music could not express it all. Art can not express the children which wake before light and wonder if it is too soon to get up. Art can not delineate beauty in the darkness. Art is careful about high lights. It can not deal with a room in which not even a candle burns, and where the waking child can not distinguish a chair from the spirit of Kris-Kinkle. Music can not gather up the sounds of such a midwinter morning. Beethoven held in his brain a grand power, but it was not broad and elastic enough to take in the shouts and laughter and gratitude of these December hearts. What can music do with the sounds of little feet upon the morning stairs! What can music do when the child opens a box and finds in it the blessing it had requested the Christmas angel to bring? The greatest move along grandly, but they omit more of human life than they express. As the architects build cathedrals, palaces, theaters, and capitols, but do not construct the little home whence issue a Lincoln or a Burns, or a Franklin or a Shakespeare, nor the manger or the cottage of a Jesus, so all the arts combined are able only to touch the shore of man's world. They do not live with him and gather up all his thoughts and emotions. Christmas gathers up a thousand spiritual charms which the proud art pass by. It is a beautiful Ruth gleaned in a field where the sheaves that are left by the reapers are as numerous as those that are gathered.

The Arts.

It would be a great loss to the heart if truth was limited to only the decorations of the four great arts. Architecture can utter a few words only in the name of religion; the sculptor only a few; the painter only a few. Music can say more than any sister art; but, after all the musicians have used their many tones, much remains still unexpressed, and the mighty ideas of religion must look to still other forms of language. The language of the three maternal arts is small when compared with that language the mind and heart can speak through words and actions. What can architecture, sculpture and painting do for our children, or say to them? Can those arts see them wake in the morning to find what the reindeer and sleigh may have brought them in the night? Can the common arts laugh and play with the young? Can they rear an ever-green tree and make it bear such rich gifts as to weigh down the graceful branches? Can the sonatas or the orchestras build a Christmas fire? Could they touch November with a blest anticipation and make the snow of December change that month into something more beautiful than May? Christmas came slowly as a much-needed decoration of the broad truths which pass along under the name of mankind and religion.

The Highest Utterance of Atheism.

A most pronounced and active Atheist printed these words last autumn: "Chemistry is the only and true God. No, this also is not God; it is chemistry. It moves worlds, systems, oceans, rocks, trees, men, society, commerce, all." "There is no God! There is no agent, being, or God exterior or superior to the world. It is eternal, self-acting, self-existing and self-sufficient."

Such is the very highest utterance of all atheism; but inasmuch as all chemistry begins its task in the infinitesimal atom, the mind which adopts it is forbidden to use higher than its fountain. Atheism thus begins and ends in an atom, and while logically not superior to Deism, it is infinitely below Deism, in its mental and emotional affiliations.

God Cares Nothing for the Minutiæ of Worship.

Much of the indefiniteness of the Bible comes from the fact that God cares nothing for the minutiæ of human worship. There is nothing definite in the Bible except the picture of Christ leading man to virtue, because the greatness of God forbids that He should care for aught beside. To suppose the Creator of the universe to have a choice between immersion and sprinkling, to suppose the Almighty to be partial to a posture in prayer, to suppose Him to have a choice between a government of bishops and a government by all the clergy, to inquire whether the Infinite One loves better the robes of the priest or the plain dress of the citizen—this is to degrade the name of God and to drag worship down to the level of a court etiquette.

Washington.

Washington did not discover or invent Washington liberty. Humanity had dreamed of it and toiled toward it in all history, but the thrones had the money and the soldiers, and the people were hurled back as often as they assailed the throne. But after the late three or four centuries had made a more general distribution of education and wealth, the hurling back of the people became more and

more difficult. The thought in the common minds became deeper, and their blows heavier. Out of each conflict of late times the throne emerged shaken and weakened.

The Modern Girl's Indebtedness.

The modern girl is indebted to her nation for her language, literature, art, and religion, even for the roses on her cheek and the height and purity of her forehead. It has been this inexpressible value of national life that has made the citizen of all times willing to die for his country.

Every Heart Has Thoughts.

The men who are reported as having boasted that they have not been in a church for thirty years because no preacher knows more than they themselves have already in their own brains, have in some manner escaped that pleasure which comes from having some one take the trouble of summing up for us what we already know. Every heart has thoughts, but they often become unstrung or stored away and neglected. Along comes some one with the peculiar taste and the patience that can call in all these lost thoughts and make them sing again their sweet music in the mind.

All Mind in One.

It is not necessary to ask the Bible whether man was made in the image of God, for we know this without any aid from an alleged revelation. There can be only one kind of mind in all the universe. There can not be an intellect which might say that twice two are three, or that parallel lines will cross each other at last. All mind is one.

Woman in Japan.

In Japan the condition of woman is one of such subjection and such general degradation that no public man or local poet or dreamer can see anywhere any high and noble womanhood. The problem of that land would be to find the first part of the new fact.

Truer Thoughts of God.

We do not see the character of God changing from generation to generation, but we do see the human race rising in its power to estimate the sublime facts of the whole kingdom. A race which has doubled over and over again its estimate of music and all beauty, all truth and liberty—shall it not reach, step by step, a better portraiture of that vast mind which created all things? When you look back into history you perceive that once God was power. How He could smite the Ammonites and the Amalekites! How in Greek thought He moved as a dark fate! How in the Roman religion He thundered as Jove! How in Calvin's time He was still awful in wrath! But in late years the human mind has advanced toward a higher estimate of its own virtues and just so far to higher estimate of the Deity.

We Can Not Escape the Great Problem.

No one need turn away from the idea of a God because the thought seems hopeless in its vastness and many-sided mystery, for there is no other thought that promises any smoother way for logic or any more peace for the heart. We can not escape the problem contained in man and the world. Man and the world are both here.

Danger Ahead.

Weary of asking what is creation? what is life? what is religion? what is beauty? the living multitude finds its happiness in the phenomena of the actual being, actual beauty, actual religion and existence. Under its conduct there may be indeed some mistake but it takes the world for better or worse, for richer or poorer. There is danger now that the great enemies of wrongs and vices will grow so conspicuous that they will hide those who are toiling upon the positive side of civilization. Those clergymen are valuable who are assailing the gamblers and the many swarms of men who live by plundering the people. Bold, useful men are these preachers in whatever city they may live and fight, but they must not conceal from us those who are presenting daily the positive side of all good society. The gambler's table, the den of infamy do not concern all the millions directly. Unhappy world if it had no profession except that of the doctor! for we are all laboring under disease; and many who are ill expect to be out in a few days. Doctors are demanded by the bad days of the few, but what must be said about the well days of the vast multitude? Thus the assaults on gamblers and on the prize-fights between men and between brutes are not to be thought the measure of modern progress.

The Task of Author and Orator.

A large part of the task of each writer and speaker is to tell men and women what they already know and have nearly forgotten.

The Bible All Glorious.

With the great public heart for its interpreter, that book stands to-day all glorious in its kindness and light. The common people come to it not with their elaborate

systems, but with their sins that need forgiveness, and their sorrows that need a cure. The theoretic scholars approach the Bible as critics, desiring to build up a theory or tear down one, and the skeptical world at large reads it only as a lawyer weighs evidence; but what we call the humbler classes, scattered all through the wide land, living here in a cabin, there in a cottage, or acting as servants of the rich, or sailing in ships upon the sea, or swinging the axe in the forest, come to the Book at times because the issues of life and death are there. By the time this numerous multitude shall have reached a higher intellectual development, the present form of skepticism will have passed away, perhaps, and there will be thousands of citizens who will never have suffered from its blight. The basis of doubt is always changing.

An Infinite and Eternal God.

An infinite and eternal God is only one more of these intellectual difficulties, and inasmuch as time and space although intellectually impossible, rise up before us and around us as emblazoned facts, thus the idea of God can easily lift itself up out of the dark sea of the mysterious and arise the richest, greatest fact of the entire realm of truth. Those who have been on a stormy ocean at midnight and have gone upon the deck to feel the awful darkness and solitude of the hour, have felt as though no sun could ever rise upon such a vast black mass and make the scene one of light, each billow a thing of grandeur, each wave-crest the lace work made by the fingers of the joyous light. Thus man in his dark night of many limitations may feel that no God is near or can come near so much flesh and dust, and yet in the long hour of doubt He is near, just ready to rise up before His children. If atheism cannot remove our logical difficult-

ies about time and space, why should it ask us to yield to any intellectual difficulty regarding our God? If our mental pains are all transcended by time and space we should much more expect them to be transcended by the doctrine of a God. But, as in space we see the tree stand, the bird fly and the clouds float, as in time we hear our clock strike or count our heart beats, so in religion, living or dying man may rest his head upon the bosom of God. The incomprehensibility of God is no barrier in the way of human faith and love. As the infinite of time does not debar us from accepting as a blind reality each passing day so the infinite of the Deity need not cast a shadow of doubt upon the fact of such a heavenly Father.

Christ a Wide, Deep, Moral World.

Christ is a wide, deep, moral world. He who finds only one idea or one beauty in Christ, is one who should find upon earth only one plan, and in the heavens only one fount of cloud or light. It is an injurious human weakness if we say Christ is divine, and then feel that we have found all this divinity in the atonement or in the resurrection. Thus have we put Deity into a narrow cell, too narrow to be even fully human, much less divine. That which we call divine must overflow. It must not run like a rivulet, but roll like the sea. There are myriads of persons who cannot accept of Christ as an atonement, but who are drawing the guidance and the hope of life from His words and actions. There are others who identify Christ and the Father, and are blessed with this nearness of God; while there are others who feel that Christ is only a super-human being, but who undergo an exaltation of character by following this lofty ideal. Little children find in Christ an image of their own spirit.

So Long! and Yet so Ignorant.

It seems almost incredible that man lives so long in a world without knowing what the world is or what he himself may be. He reads that God made everything beautiful in its time, but he does not state what God is, or what beauty is, or what time is. But he emerges from this cloud of ignorance and affirms that the unknown God has made every unknown thing possess its unknown beauty in its unknown time. Oppressed by so much ignorance, the Berkeley school of philosophers declared that nothing exists except mind; that what seems an external world is only the creation of a mind that is living as in a dream. Nearly all the civilized millions accept of the daily phenomena as facts, and are content to rest in the common assumed realism of beauty and of absolute days and years. The fact that the infinite is beyond man's reach must not prevent him from dealing with these pieces of the infinite which lie before his feet. Man in his world is as the early settlers on the Mississippi, who enjoyed and used the river without knowing about its mouth or its fountains. They used it as a great passing reality. Without knowing all, they detected the difference between the river and the land, and built their boats for the one and their wagons for the other. We do not know what beauty is, but we do know that it is unlike ugliness; that the eight notes do not sound like the other noises of the world, and that the face of the Madonna is unlike the face of the ape or of the African bushman. The fact smites our heart with resistless power, and we are glad to say that God made the world and filled it with a tendency toward the beautiful.

The Justice of Jesus Christ.

The justice of Jesus Christ is that justice of which the tragedies of Shakespeare are a faint image, and which has been reflected in the laws of states, and has always been imbedded in the soul. Oh, sad day for the Church and for human virtue when the teachers of Christianity turned away from the broad and simple Christ and asked the metaphysicians, and monks, and fatalists, to give them a detailed map of the Infinite One. A Roman priest not long since permitted a convert from Protestantism to bury his infant along with the Protestant dead if he would enclose in the little coffin a lump of consecrated earth, to guard the little Catholic soul from sharing in the Protestant hell. So the little holy earth was placed in the coffin to come between the infant and divine wrath. And a few weeks since Archbishop Purcell, in speaking of a railway workman killed in an accident, who had, being a Protestant, lived happily with a Catholic wife, said that the children of that poor widow were not only fatherless, but were doomed to predition at last, for Heaven could receive only the families of the purely Catholic.

Christmas and the Children.

Christmas rallies its brilliant troops around the cradle of Christ. It is not certain of the cradle, but it is certain about the happy element in Christianity. It is enough that one was born who took little children up in his arms and who would have taken up all the children of all places and all ages could His life have been lived everywhere. He did not know those little children. He blessed them only because they were children. Therefore, all the children of all times share in that bene-

diction. It falls upon America just as it fell upon Judea. No child need live by these lakes or in the lonely prairies without hearing the same voice saying to it: "Come unto me. No one dares forbid you." When it is remembered that such an invitation implied an escape from sin and tears, an passing into a life of usefulness, and a final ascent to heaven, it must be confessed that the birthday of such a friend should be ushered in with many a ringing bell, and many a song, and with the joyful shouts of the faithful millions.

The Church the Moral Hope of the Land.

An enforced reading of the Bible would only make its pages absolutely hateful to Catholic and Jew and skeptic, and thus as legal power should come to the support of the book, its intrinsic moral power would pass away. For many reasons the Bible will be withdrawn from the public schools as rapidly as any religious opposition may demand such a withdrawal, and in a few years the Church will remain the chief moral hope of the country.

Why Not Accept a Deity?

Why not most cordially espouse the assumption of a Deity? The greatness of such a Being is no hindrance to faith, for the universe does not teach anything else than greatness. Having seen the ocean in peace and in storm, having seen the sun and moon encompass our earth as marvelous lamps, having learned that the sun has been flinging out light and heat for millions of years, having learned that there are millions of such suns, perceiving that man is a mind that can study such a uni-

verse and can trace, measure, and weigh these distant orbs, the heart need not expect the God of such a scene to pass alone in the likeness of a man or a bird, or even an angel with wings. How can the mind turn from a half-hour of thought in astronomy, in whose heavens are seen gigantic worlds whirling in space like insects in a sunbeam; orbs a million miles in diameter and lighting up systems as an electric lamp lights up a little library or bed-chamber; orbs in the light of which a moral and thinking form of life can read a book at the distance of ninety-five millions of miles from the lamp—how turn from globes which run fifty or a hundred thousand miles an hour, and yet carrying gently the trembling dew-drop and the waking or sleeping forms of life; orbs which perhaps support a human race on their bosom, and never change their speed a second in a thousand years—how turn from these things and expect God to be anything like the ruler of a city or a sacred cow of the East or the sacred reptiles of old Egypt? It is necessary that the creator of such a stupendous scene should transcend all thought and move before man a perpetual depth and height wholly immeasurable.

Auguste Comte.

This generation is a positivism, but it adds to the cold data of August Comte the warm world of sentiment and religion. It moves away from theological assumption and from metaphysical obscurities, but it confesses the religious sentiment and the sentiment of beauty and right and wrong to be just as real as the rocks and hills. Some forms of religion may contain falsehoods, but religion is real; some things of alleged beauty may be ugly, but there remains in the world a real beauty. These facts compose the motive and the consolation of

our times. Religion, politics and social life are studying them just as patiently and hopefully as ever inventors pursued the study of mechanical powers of nature. All are attempting to master and love the positive side of the world.

Ignorance of the World.

The common practical mind knows nothing about God's world. It moves about in the market place, and stands in its shop all day and all year, utterly incapable of thinking of the whole heavens and the whole earth. It knows the numbers of its own family and the value of certain articles in the market. But along comes the man with imagination, and lo, the universe opens its gates to his foot. His heart wanders off into the eternity past and to come. He becomes a Newton or a Herschel in astronomy, or a Humboldt in science, or a Cousin in morals, or a Milton in poetry. Among these place the men who wrote the book of Job or the Psalms, or the glowing rhapsodies of Isaiah and Ezekiel. Who in our day could surpass these voices in the richness of their imagination and in the sublimity of their song?

Religion Must Work by Love.

Religion, from its very nature, must work its way forward only by love. Its power lies not in legislatures, but in persuasion, and the more gently the Bible comes to people's homes and to the children, the more divine will the book appear.

The Torn Page.

A youth just learning to read and love the wonders of the printed lines, found by the wayside a page torn from some volume. He read and came upon name after

name, and thought after thought, but all was injured by the fact that he had only a page. The story aroused him, but all that awakened interest only changed into a youthful longing and unrest. After months he came upon an old man who told him from what grand poem the page had come. The book secured, the heart found its peace and perfect joy. Thus have you all found some middle pages from some unknown book. Even the long life of George Bancroft was only a single chapter from some great volume. All that you can each do is to read well and lovingly your pages found in the great field, and then wait calmly for the coming of someone who can open before your joyful eyes the whole richly wrought volume with its complete story of man and his God.

If Christ were Here Now.

“What would Christ do were he to live and act in this city?” The question is fair, because it simply asks what our whole world most needs. The man of Nazareth would make a wonderful revolution in our world if he should persuade us all to live up to our knowledge. If the mind believes in temperance, in justice, in benevolence, in industry, in perfect honor, in physical and moral beauty, then all that remains is to make each day overflow with the obedience of these rich truths. Christ would be a divine friend could he do away with the distance between human philosophy and human life. He need not check the understanding. He need only help the heart to catch up. The matchless beauty of Jesus lay not chiefly in the ethics which was stored in his mind—an ethics so perfect, so universal, so divine, but it lay also in the fact that his philosophy did not outrun

his soul. His oratory was the photograph of his life. His voice was like the murmur of the sea, which is not nearly so great as the sea itself. His words were few, his conduct vast. We reverse the picture and follow our gigantic philosophy with a microscopic life. And yet the fact that we excel the negroes and the Indians proves that when the mind climbs to a height the heart also creeps up out of the valley. In the Son of God the intellect and the soul were companions. They were inseparable. The wreaths for the forehead of Jesus were wreaths for the heart. Great men like Emerson and Whittier and Gladstone are persons in whom mind and heart are both one. In Jesus the thought could not outrun the love.

How the Greeks Loved Greece.

The Greeks loved their own state to such a degree that citizens thought it a matter of reproach to visit any outside land. To the polite Athenian foreign travel was a disgrace, unless the journey were made on some business account. To go abroad was to confess the imperfection of home. That magnificent breadth of brain and affection that grasps a whole human race, bond and free, high and low, is first seen in the great missionary to the Gentiles.

A Thousand Blessed Years.

The holy writers said those blessed years would be a thousand, but we see the poetry of the specified number, and at once transform the period into a gigantic future of earth, and into an immortality beyond. So slowly moves God's law that when this better day shall dawn none of us will be here. Your youngest children will be in this planet seventy or eighty years from to-day, and

will see much more of beauty and virtue than has trailed rich colors along before our eyes so soon to close, but beyond the graves of our children God's law will go on strengthening the intellect and awakening the nobleness of the heart. We can all be happy elsewhere. Not by magic, not by earthquake, not by tempest or fire will the thousand happy years come, but as education and goodness steal over man all his life, and neither his mind nor heart can feel or hear the footfall of those dear angels, thus the thousand happy years will come through God in his law, and come as silently as those violets which in the spring the earth sends up from her bosom.

The Angel's Will and Judgment.

The tens of millions of ruined youth in the world now show that God does not often come to a life that has neglected itself. God sent His angel of human will and human judgment before Him, and He loves to enter the heart, not that rejected His messengers, but that received them.

Calvin Did Help the Millennium.

We all stand amazed that our era passed through eighteen centuries without happening upon those great inventions and discoveries that are now so useful and so grand; but we should be more deeply amazed at a Christendom that could live through eighteen hundred years without having learned that Christianity is an imitation of Jesus! Calvin cannot hasten the millennium. The Romanists and the Protestants cannot compel its morning to push back the curtains of night. Those great streaks of dawn will come when the human soul shall take up the sermon on the mount and transform it into life. Nature is

a great believer in life. It transforms earth, air, water, and light into blossoms and buds and millions of living forms; so it comes to the ideas of Jesus and flinging them into the soul commands them to live. It will not have any other result than life.

Young People of the Past Injured.

The young of the past have been deeply injured by a philosophy which informed them that they possessed no power, that they must seek some day a divine overshadowing that would in an instant change their natures and set them out upon the new career of saints. Under the influence of this blight our youth have assumed themselves to be powerless, and have drifted along in every folly and weakness, expecting the Deity to come and remake them.

Clergymen Must be Leaders.

The clergymen in their pulpits must be also leaders in the thought and work of the State, because being in the service of the King of Kings they must make every village and city worthy of their Monarch. A drunken man, a starving child, a slave, an ignorant mind, is a disgrace to the beautiful Empire of God.

Achilles Trembled before Jove.

While the Indian millions and Chaldean millions were drawing their morals from the assumption of a God, the Greeks and Latins were preparing to take up elsewhere the same belief, and to express it both in song and in philosophy. Homer's poem opens with the picture of a holy prophet walking upon the sea-shore praying for a justice above human justice. The Achilles, whom no battle-field could alarm, feared the wrath of the king of Olympus.

"Lord Bacon Uttered more Wisdom than He Lived."

The scene now before us is that of a much larger intellect and a slightly improved heart. The intellect always was in advance of the heart. Men know the right long before they will perform it. Mental power comes long in advance of the moral power. In our city of a million not one person in the whole million believes that such a metropolis should be governed by men of an infinite unfitness for the task, but such men are chosen from time to time because the universal intelligence is many years in advance of the public morality. We all know what is right, but our moral force is a long distance behind our judgment. In no age have knowledge and action traveled together. Lord Bacon uttered more wisdom than he could live. So did Shakespeare. His forehead was in the clouds, his character in the mire. The intellect of Goethe won laurels which were never flung down in the path of his life. All these men, joined by thousands as great, recall the old reproach flung at Athens. That it had wheat and moral laws, but the wheat alone it could use. Athens could eat better than it could live. The youth says: "Drinking is a bad habit, but give me another glass." So our intelligence says: "All cities should be governed by great men, but for the present bring on your thieves." Thus the intellect grows great more rapidly than the heart grows powerful. The virtues of which Bacon and Shakespeare sang began to come long after the writers were in their graves. The intellect can fly, virtue goes on foot.

"How I Love Thy Law!"

The admiration of the psalmist, who cried out, "How I Love Thy Law!" should undergo great enlargement in a century that has found how vast and sublime is the empire of this beneficent legislation.

Events Come Slowly.

When the heart is so susceptible that all the winds of earth, even the softest whisper, waken music amid its strings, then the greatest days of this life are passing. They may not be the most powerful days in actual events. Events come slowly. But they are the most powerful days in all those qualities that produce events. The actual harvest is always far away from the sowing time. Indeed, the harvest comes toward the fall of the year. It stands close by the autumn leaf. But the days that made the harvest began far back in the March and April rains. So the noble events of life come, perhaps, in full or late manhood, but they are only the ripened fruit of a tree that put forth its leaves and blossoms long before, when the noble atmosphere of youth lay around the spirit. The young, looking at all the illustrious ones of the world, and marking that they are standing in middle life, feel that they can hope little from the present, as it still is too far away from great action. Fatal mistake! That middle life so full of honors is only the place where the stream of youth empties all its long-borne treasures. Middle life is the place where the torrent of the heart tumbles into the sea.

Byron and Franklin.

Here a grand ideal will be found composed of two things—an integrity toward man and God, and then some idol of this life. Follow it, and you will find religion as to God, and a glorious life-pursuit as to earth. Byron held to only one-half the vision. But he made a gigantic world out of that half. His ideal never moved from its place. The Scotch reviewers could not extinguish or eclipse the star. Wherever the unhappy lord went, his harp was in his hand, and all the world of

beauty, all the seas, all the mountains, all the joys and griefs of mankind, came to him to be blessed with the immortality of song. Before Franklin stood the dream of wisdom and knowledge. Before all who have ever reached a valuable distinction there has stood a future full of a light that has never once gone out. With these two lofty heights before the eye, the height of morals and of personal development, life cannot be a failure, end where it may, in middle years or in old age.

A Day in June.

As the approaching day in June tips first the mountain tops, and then by slow advance, reveals the leaf upon the highest branches of the tree by your window, so the light of immortality, falling down from the sky, strikes first the loftiest hearts, and though they be few in number, and though a sinful multitude lie in ignorance and vice at their feet, yet, upon these lofty ones you may see falling the white light of immortal life. Let us call it Heaven, and place Christ in the midst of the approaching scene.

The Stream of Public Morals.

The stream of public morals has thus come down from far-off influences. It has overflowed the vales of human life. This sacred water has flowed to the altar where the bride has stood, where the child has received baptism, where the dirge has been chanted for the dead. It has given spiritual life to the statesman, images to the poet, eloquence to the orator, joy to the honorable, fear to the wicked. *With the fear of God removed*, whence shall come any more this great overflow of a stream so grand dignified as a religion? What was that human race whose memory was all the immortality the good man might

desire? Alas, for their argument, this stream of life which so touched that school had been made beautiful in the temple of religion. Out of that sanctuary had come Seneca with his high philosophy, Aurelius with his virtue, St. Louis with his prayers, Beatrice with her beauty of soul, Dante with his poetry, Angelo with his subjects, Massillon with his eloquence, the orators with their rights of man, the Church with its charity. If the worship of man be indeed so noble it is unfortunate for atheism that religion had to come first and create such a charming humanity. And yet such is the dilemma. Into that web of life so loved by the followers of Comte, religion, Pagan and Christian, has interwoven its many beautiful threads. The human race, so beautiful, had made its charming toilet in the temple of the gods.

How Good Men May Disgrace their Souls.

The Disciples, indignant that a certain Samaritan village would not receive their Master, asked permission and power to rain down fire upon the unbelieving nation. Christ refused their request, and informed them that they were disgracing their own souls by uttering or cherishing such a wish. They were ignorant of the unworthiness of the nature that could exult in such a rain-storm of fire. In the mind of Christ there lay a different ideal of man's duty and pleasure.

Civilization the Mitigation of a Hard Lot.

Having come to the end of a whole year of chaotic public and private affairs the heart must find its consolation in the general thought that in working his way forward from barbarism man cannot escape difficulties.

Barbarism is itself a supreme hardship; and very slowly does this severity pass away. Civilization may be called the gradual mitigation of a hard lot. When we perceive the imperfections of our country, the great unhappiness of some of its millions, our hearts would break were it not for the reflection that civilization has always been a slow advance toward betterments. We must be thankful for what good we have reached and must labor diligently for more happiness. We must resist to the uttermost all crime, all violation of law, but we must be tender and just to all those who believe they can make our race less miserable. If in this sincere faith and effort persons should choose to walk a few hundreds or thousands of miles they have a right to march, carrying with them their favorite ideas. It is not essential that their ideas shall be good; it is essential only that the holders of them advance unarmed and in the name of perfect personal honor.

Jesus Christ Touching the Inmost Spirit.

So there may be spirits living and dying unaffected by the Son of Man, but when we seek for an influence that is molding deeply the heart, we find it here in Nazareth. Whether Mr. Lincoln repeats his poem,

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

whether Macaulay, dying, wishes to take the sacrament, whether Payson prays, or Bunyan dreams, whether a child commits itself to God at night, or a Cranmer sees Heaven through the light of the fagot, it is all one scene—that of Jesus Christ affecting deeply the inmost spirit of man.

New Truths Rise Slowly.

The educated, broad, deep thinking young men of the orthodox ministry must not expect the great massive church to move around like a feather in a breeze. The new truths must slowly rise, and the old doctrines must slowly fall. The broad men ought to be not only satisfied, but delighted with the mental and moral progress of the church in the last twenty-five years. Into that old sanctuary which once hated, scolded, hanged, burned, exiled, tortured, and damned, a love of man has come step by step. The church has almost discarded Christ as an avenger, to love him as a Savior. No twenty-five years, not excepting that group of days around Jesus himself in Judea, have brought to our world such an addition to human friendship and human rights. We may, indeed, all be sorry to see the orthodox bodies condemning here and there an individual, but these condemnations are mild in their quality and are thus fading away, and with the fading quality the quantity will soon also decline.

An Absolute Life Impossible.

No soul can live an absolute life. Each person in this assembly is three or four thousand years old. Not only were the features of the modern face wrought out in France, Germany and England, but there also the soul lay and took its shape of sentiment. Our souls are vases into which the past poured not its ashes, but its faith. Hence, what atheists there are in the present are not standing up in a moral or a mental greatness all their own, but in a consciousness and conscience gradually fashioned in days where the mothers bowed in prayer, and where all the music and eloquence of Chris-

tianity molded the sentiments. The customs and maxims of life surrounding the atheist of to-day are not customs and maxims of his own, but of the theism in minds and hearts that have come down through the atmosphere of a piety and have been colored in its religious hues. The atheists of to-day are, therefore, not the results of the worship of humanity, but they are still the results of a history that has every where been full of the Supreme Being. A man may reject the creed of yesterday, but he cannot reject its influence any more than he can command his forehead to become low or his intellect to go back to the stolidity of the times of King Alfred.

Fields Drenched in Blood.

Taking the world all over death by violence has been the most popular amusement of all the past epoch. The Indian was not the only one admired for the scalps he had dangling at his belt. A similar ornament bedecked the temples of Cæsar and Bonaparte. It was at the edge of our century the death of a neighbor began to lose its charm; but all these fields which surround our city have again and again been drenched in blood. Within our historic period there were thirty-seven Indian tribes on this continent. That is, there were always thirty-six chances of war each year for each tribe. The living tribes must have been few compared with those that were blotted out by battle and massacre. Then came the white race. Like the red man it came with blood on its hands. It hastened on the New England shore to make trouble. The harsh winter gave no little pain; but it did not satisfy the great Christian warriors who had come over in three ships from the European battlefields. So they began to kill some red men and to steal their hidden corn. In due

time our ancestors had all the trouble they could carry in their hearts. It was always thus with the white man. While the red man was dying out in the West the black man was coming in the South, and not on his account did trouble stay away. As sparks shoot upward from the fire, so troubles arose when white met black. It was sadder than when white met red.

The Disciples Amazed.

The "liberalism" has been in the world so long that there must be something real and tangible about it. In a most unexpected moment it came from the lips of Christ when some of his impetuous disciples wished him to check some men who seemed to be acting as Christians without having received a direct commission. To the amazement of the disciples, we doubt not, Christ commanded that they be let alone, for they were doing something for the kingdom. They had a desire to serve the Master, and that desire was too valuable to be checked by any rebuke.

Climbing Mon Blanc.

While the mind thus meditates over the world as being cumulative in its genius, it must apply to itself the philosophy it finds for church and state. Our active and red-cheeked youth do not possess all the good of this planet. They indeed step with light foot and light heart, but their soul lacks volume. Each new year, if not wasted, will more and more change the few rain-drops into a great, roaring shower. The entire scene widens day by day. Life is much like going up the slope of Mon Blanc. As the traveler ascends leisurely, new beauties rise up, one beyond the other, until his heart at last

holds all the villages and homes, all the streams and forests, all the gardens, all the colors, and all the happy peasantry that are grouped in a mass of beauty in the vale of Chamouni.

“Liberalism as Old as Thought.”

No doubt “liberalism” is as old as human thought. From what we see in the history of Athens and Rome there must always have been men in each period of the world who were busy protesting against certain old forms of custom and idea. Indeed, this is not a matter of conjecture. From old India, full of despotism, there arose poets who sung of liberty. In Greece, full of the polytheistic idea, there arose minds that declared the Divine Unity, and for a more spiritual worship.

Tears.

The truths and feelings of life come one by one. Tears come easily in early life, but they do not mean as much as they mean at thirty or fifty. And love and admiration come easily when life is not far from the cradle, but they do not sweep the soul as they do later in the human pilgrimage. To the child the earth and sky are attractive, but they are not so clothed with mystery as they are long afterward. Children love music, but it is the older heart that weeps in answer to all touching strains. In youth the heart hates easily and without cause ; as years pass hate is crowded out of the soul by the growing truth and beauty of an infinite humanity.

Christ in our Highest Emotions.

I claim that Jesus Christ has entered deeply into all the lines of emotion and intellect that now so adorn our century. You Christians meet to-day to commune with Him! It is well. But He communed with your country

and your literature and your arts long before you came upon the scene of action. He began to shine into the human heart long ago and re-shape it. He fashioned the holy hymns which our fathers sang. He stood by when the Catholics created the Gregorian chant, and where the Covenanters sang their psalms in the wilderness. He invaded the realm of poetic thought, and turned divine genius away from the adulation of bloody generals to the study of nature and its Creator, the soul and its destiny. He has communed with all the centuries since His Advent, and has penetrated them with a purer, loftier spirit. Mother and child have knelt in prayer by His example and request; the mightiest intellects have shaped their philosophy in the light of Christ, and the old and the dying have tried to go away from earth with some of this Saviour's words upon their trembling, blanching lips.

An Editor May be a Statesman.

If a statesman be a personage fully wedded to the welfare of the people he can be aided not a little by a belief in the infinite Potentate—the King of Kings, because that idea is so royal that it can lift up the trusting mind and make God's children upon earth seem dear and great. The sublime King exalts the subjects. Inasmuch as in our century the printed thought has become an equal of spoken thought the true statesman may talk to his nation through printed words. An editor may be a statesman, because his press may become a forum and his audience-room may become larger than the crumbling Colosseum; but he must consecrate his life to great truths and deem all else useless. Where the power of the State is held in the voting people the statesman can be the men in the shop and on the farm.

The Nation Has no Soul!

The Nation has no body, no soul; it cannot walk or run; it has nothing but its laws and the power to enforce them. It is like a great steamship which cannot do anything except cross an ocean. But noble is the ship that can thus master the sea. We expect as much of our Nation: that it will always perform its solitary but gigantic task. It stands for what millions of its citizens fought for, thought, and enacted in their best hours of goodness and reflection.

The Attic Philosopher.

In a little volume, "The Attic Philosopher," the poor little girl Paulette has a wall flower blossoming in a green paper box. Her garden was a little piece of a roof in Paris. There her plants had to grow in boxes made with her own hand. There the sun could peep in at times, and there the rain had to mix itself with soot and dust and half kill the plants it ought to nourish. What a miracle of grace and beauty could the taste and love of Paulette have been transferred from that roof to some valley of the Seine or the Loire! The child's heart would thus have been led out of its distress into a broad place where there is no straitness.

Holding Fast to Truth.

If a young Presbyterian, or a young politician, or young electrician, or a young Methodist, or a young musician has some new truth he must extract his first happiness from holding fast to it himself. His second happiness must come from seeing others hold on to it. It was a great joy to Archimedes when he alone knew a certain truth. He sprang out of his bath with joy saying: "I

have found it." Thus each heart should at first be happy in its own truth, and then wait for the little plant to grow. There should be no surrender to the outside multitude. The opposing multitude will grow smaller as the days pass. The multitude that holds an error will all at last melt away like the snow.

Law Everywhere.

Laws appear everywhere. We find them in the domain of beauty. They forbid the architect to put a small column under a mighty dome, and will not permit him to sacrifice power to beauty. They command the painter to care for nature and not to make wheat ripen in the snow and not to make the robins sing in the leafless trees of Christmas. They issue orders to literature and tell it to exclude debasing ideas and to admit the truths of most value and of greatest application. They issue orders to religion and tell it to create in humanity the most possible of virtue and hope. Appearing at all other points of thought and action laws spring up in the State to help the public hold what justice and progress it may have found. These laws our marching citizens must respect. All damage done property, all disregard of American rights, the rights of individuals or of corporations must be instantly checked, because the law of the land is the progress we have made in the ages up to this date. With that taken away we fall back into the abyss of barbarism. Our Nation, may or may not have climbed very high from its barbaric starting point, but it must hold what it has gained. Our laws of property have been passed by the millions acting in their best hours; they must not be set at naught by bands of itinerants acting in their bad hours.

Religion Has Become Beautiful.

You will find that not only is Christ pouring into the soul the great democratic idea that is blooming now into new and beautiful rights of man, but that Christ has waked in the bosom a group of other feelings scarcely visible when the world was young. Religion has passed from the terrible to the joyous, from the horrid to the beautiful. The heathen tortures himself with knives; the Christian of our day sings words and music, the sweetest that the two arts can produce. The Chinese and all the pagans kill at times innocent little ones as an act of worship; the Christian mother clasps her infant to her bosom and whispers prayers over it, mingling prayers and tears. The heathen philosopher doubted and steeled his heart to his fate; the Christian philosopher beholds the city that hath foundations, and walks calmly down life's decline.

The Broad Churchman.

The Unitarian who cannot at times worship with the orthodox because of the errors in the book of the latter, has degraded his liberalism into a narrowness, for its mission being to find and love the general and lasting in thought, it is compelled to mark and love the general and lasting in the human soul. The truly broad churchman can worship in all temples, for as musical tones can be heard further than unpleasing sounds, so the divine parts of the service only will reach his spirit, his soul being too far upward to be reached by the notes that are discordant.

Party Names must Die.

As die these two words, Unitarianism and Universalism, so other church names are falling into decay. No

sectarian name holds to-day the meaning and fame it held a hundred years ago. Even the word Jew is rapidly parting with its old significance. It would be unreasonable to expect a term like Jew or Universalist to perish in a day. Customs and prejudices do not perish by an explosion ; they disappear like the Arctic snows. Those snows once reached South to the Ohio, but the sun has smitten the margin until it has uncovered the fields of Indiana and Illinois and Canada. Thus old names of churches will die, not by violence, but by the melting touch of a new era. In England the name of Churchman or Episcopalian was once so tall and pompous that all other alleged Christians were little better than infidels. Their services were "meetings" and their buildings not "churches," but "meeting-houses." This treatment given by the establishment inflamed the zeal of the Wesleyans, and Sydney Smith says the Wesleyans had on some lake or stream a steamboat built for carrying nothing but Methodists. The same culture that keeps the caste of India out of the Western civilization is extracting all the old significance from the names of the sects, and is offering to them instead the simple word Christian.

The Potter's Clay.

When the potter's clay first falls upon the board it is only a lump ; an hour afterward it is seen standing forth an elegant vase, with lines the most graceful conceivable in human taste. So man set forth in life only a lump of mind ; the subsequent years point out to us a noble Greek or German or Englishman. To bring about such results, the wheel has been turned a long while, and the molding hand has for centuries pressed heavily and lightly by times. War and peace, climate, the presence of

great individuals, the longings of the soul, self-interest, vanity, ambition, the love of money, the love of man, and the love of God have all entered into the great pottery, and have given the shape and then changed the shape of all the clay children that have come and gone on the world-stage.

A Law in the Spirit.

Paul says there is a law in the spirit that reveals the Infinite One, and that on this account all souls are responsible for the conduct of life. Now this inner sentiment, in its power, which has always surpassed its information, has peopled the air with divinities, crude, feeble, great, or monstrous, according to the surroundings of the brain. A faculty or an instinct does not include the right use of the faculty or instinct. The sentiment of music in the soul did not involve the immediate discovery of the piano or the arrangement at once of a symphony, but involved only a long struggle and a long period of littleness. The religious feeling in the soul thus struggled along, and in the first years of its strivings saw gods in every storm, and in every ray of sunshine, and in all the shadows of the night. Paul says God so made the rational world that they should "seek the Lord if haply they may feel after him and find him." All the mythological and theological phenomena of the past are manifestations of this feeling after the true God.

The Imperishable Ideas of Christ.

But let us pronounce the name of the one mighty intellect which, more than all others, has sown in the Church the seeds of this harvest, of poisonous plants as some say, but of golden grain indeed destined to be the food of the future ! Let us pronounce the name and then

ask those whose bosoms are full of alarm to call him "infidel," or "destroyer!" The name! The name! Ah! here it is—Jesus Christ of Bethlehem! There is the fountain whence roll the transparent waters of this broad philosophy. Far beyond all beings who have ever lived Christ was the broadest. His ideas are all imperishable. He cast out the temporary that had come down from Moses; He made the old iron-bound Sabbath die in the field where the sweet wheat was ripening; He saw the human soul in Lazarus, in Magdalen, in little children; He rebuked the disciples when they desired to draw the sword of their sect; He uttered few of the ideas that enter into the modern differences between denominations; He preached a discourse, every word of which falls not upon Judea, but upon the whole earth; a sermon under which all men have written the word "forever."

How Theologians Travel.

The intellect of the church always travels in the oxen's cart. We need not find fault with that mode of travel. What better intellect you and I possess came to us in that kind of a vehicle. The men of India who came hither to tell us that our souls will migrate at last into some other animal came by steam over sea and continent. They ordered dinner by telegraph. They called a carriage by the telephone; but their creeds and attachments did not make any such quick movements. The inventions are all for the body and for physical property and not for the soul. Even the Congress at Washington assembled by steam; but when the science of the nineteenth century had gotten them together it could do no more for them. When a Congressman rides in a car a mile a minute he will at the end of his journey have no

more intellect than he had when he started. The theologians of Princeton travel in steam cars.

Love for Half-Visions.

We must love the grand half-visions of this world. Like Moses, being unable to see the face of the Almighty, we must be content with the rustle of his flowing garments. Unable fully to measure the Christ, let us say, "Here is the only incarnation within the realm of evidence, and here the quality of the being is such that reason may forgive us and faith commend us if we say, Truly this was the Son of God."

Waiting for a Fact!

One of the Roman writers said, "Even our children no longer believe in our divinities." One of the prayers of Pliny was "for a new consolation, great and strong, of which he had not yet heard or read." A Latin sage said, "I need a God who can speak to me and can lead me." Dr. Arnold finds somewhere in the writings of Aurelius "that he was sad and agitated, stretching out his arms for something beyond." Cicero had declared that "the Academy could prove nothing." The Roman Empire had all forms of greatness except religious faith. Weary of legend, cultured beyond the credulity that believes without evidence, the Roman Empire was ready for an advent of fact. In the man of Nazareth the dim gates of mythology were closed and the gates of evidence were opened. Here was One that could speak to the multitude, and the hem of whose garment might be touched. Here was One who could say "blessed" to the unblessed crowd, and whose feet a Magdalene might bathe with tears. Here was One who could feed a multitude in the wilderness, who could comfort the dying

and the living, and could allow a mortal like John to rest against His bosom.

“The Sound of Many Waters.”

The readers of the Bible find in places far apart that beautiful phrase, “The voice of many waters.” The early men and women of our race loved nature, not as ardently as we all love it, but yet deeply enough to make it a source of happiness. Happiness is an indefinite term. It is like gold in this, that if one has not a million or two of its dollars, then a half million or a tenth of a million will be a great comfort to the heart. Thus the ancients were happy, often in the presence of nature. We do not know exactly how much delight they found in the scenes and sounds of the external world, but the most cultivated possessed quite a fortune of this kind. Each red sunset, each bright day, each morning birdsong, each opening spring brought pleasure, but perhaps not as much joy as now comes to humanity from the same external objects. The growth of the human mind is the growth of all beauty, for the universe, having come from an infinite God, will unfold always as man shall unfold, and will never fail to give new joy to each new age. It will be as infinite as the mind itself.

The Blending Christ.

The real truth is, Christ has blended himself with all the annals of Christian lands, and has given new color to all the days of the great era that wears His name. As the setting sun shining through a watery air makes all things—fence, hut, log, forest, and field—to be gold like himself, so Christ blends with the rich and the humble details of society.

Lonely Hours.

The Psalmist had said, "Clouds and darkness are round about Him." What the modern spirit experiences as an occasional flow of melancholy was the constant feeling of all the noble ones of antiquity. Many of the most excellent sought death, because it was supposed to be an end of sorrow; a sweet, dreamless sleep. What our poets dream of in lonely hours, most of the old sages carried about all the while in their hearts:

Would this weary life was spent,
Would this fruitless search were o'er,
And rather than such visions, blessed
The gloomiest depths of nothingness.

Such a poem shadows forth the occasional sadness of the present, but the almost universal darkness of classic Rome.

Noah's Dove with a Leaf.

It is only a garden or a field, and the earth is inhabited only by our mother and the home group; but to the educated mind in later life a wonderful world has come and the mind fluctuates between sadness and inspiration. The great exposition of a year ago was composed of little pieces of the world. It was only Noah's dove with a leaf. Here was a bit of architecture, here a few pieces of painting, here a few statues, here some jewels, here some strains of music, here some channels of water, here some strolling hearts, but from these pass to the vast globe, from our lagoons pass to the Rhine or the Nile, from our visitors pass to the human race and the scene swells to vastness. If that hint of our world was so attractive what must the world itself be? To meet the demand of such a world the heart and mind must be

cumulative. The soul must never be impatient to run fast, but it must never stop. In politics, in religion, in social reform, it must work and hope. It must feel that all truths will gather volume. What are these truths here for? Is it that they may perish? Are the sciences here that they may die? Is astronomy here to fail? Is the geometry to become false? Is stealing ever to become a virtue? Is honesty to become a vice? Each truth is the presence of God. His omnipotence and omnipresence are in it. Each moral truth will therefore grow in our advancing world. When we listen now to the sounds around us there are touches of discord, but we must all work and be patient and think of that future of both earth and heaven when all sounds will combine in a rich music, and where the voice of the world will be like the deep voice of many waters.

Job, and Dante, and Milton.

The person who wrote the book of Job was one of those poetic minds that are liable to appear in Italy as a Dante or England as a Milton. Before the eye of this ancient the ills of the spirit are pictured as the ills of the external scene. As Dante's personal troubles took the form of a wandering in a strange woods where a leopard and lion and a wolf were passing to and fro before him so this old writer compelled the external landscape to express the troubles of the sufferer's private life. His hero is seen as in some dark or narrow ravine or in the midst of rocks, flints, and thorns, in some dreary, horrible place, and yet in a world where Mercy would have been glad to lead him out of the distress to a broad, open country where there was no straitness. The old poet and the later one may have had in mind the straits into which man generally falls in his bad dreams. In such dreams we are

always in the narrows. If there are not walls or ditches or fences or floods then there are weights to the feet or other kind of impediment. As contrasted with all such distress how blessed is the broad open country ! The poets, early and late, assure man that he was made for a wide career and would grow happy as rapidly as the scene should widen before him. Coming from an infinite mind, man contains within himself a preference for the ocean as compared with a pond, and for a boundless prairie as compared with a square yard of dirty grass in the heart of a great city.

Unitarians Unhappy Over their Name.

And now at last a time has appeared when the name of Calvinism or Wesleyanism has become more of a burden than a joy. Once each of these church names was a source of happiness to the church that bore it, but they have at last become empty of such pleasure. Hundreds of church names are getting ready to fade away in the general term of Christian. The special term of Methodist or Presbyterian or Episcopalian has served its first purpose, and will always be hereafter a picture of the past rather than an active, living creature. The Unitarians are particularly unhappy over their name, for even if Christ were something less than a God it could not well harm a mind if it believed that he were a deity in fact. A church might have been formed so as to make it optional with a Christian to think of Jesus as a human being. To declare Jesus to be human was irrelevant. If our statesmen should declare in favor of a silver dollar they ought still to permit the country to make coin out of gold. So if many thought Christ to be only human there should have been an ample welcome offered to any who might think him divine. But the Unitarians so

idolized silver that they insulted the old gold. They should have stated clearly that their purpose was to make silver only a part of the ornament of the sanctuary. What that body of Christians now seeks to create is a Christlike character. It does not care how Godlike humanity may become. It will never again file any objections to anything divine, either in Palestine or America. It has learned that society does not need to have any of its ideas debased by a resolution. Christ becomes humanized rapidly enough without help from any theological convention. We need no enabling act.

A Beautiful That Does Not Fade.

The true Christian liberalism is, then, only the gradual coming of a time that changes not, of a beautiful that does not fade, of a good that turns not into a sorrow. The old Hebrew ritual became a burden. Its material objects became tiresome as soon as man grew larger within. As philosophers love at last the pleasures of truth more than the pleasures of food and drink, so when the world reached development, it flung away the washings of hands and the killing of sacrifices, and worshiped the invisible. It took refuge in the spiritual Christ. Then the Roman age came with its higher externals, but again the world moved on in the great Reformation of the sixteenth century. And onward it will still move.

If We Knew God!

If we knew the nature of Deity as we know the nature of earth, air, and water, we might become very decided over this question of the Incarnation, and might declare the heavenly element present or absent as a chemist takes an ore, and after an analysis declares the presence or absence of gold. It is not in human power thus to affirm and deny, over the great crucible of nature in which lies

a soul. It is a little illogical, to state in its mildest form, for anyone to approach the historic Christ and declare the utter absence of Deity, for such a decision reposes upon the assumption that man knows what divinity is, as he knows the material elements. As in the theological kingdom, men are deemed arrogant who presume to know all about God and who will talk incessantly about Three-in-One, so not wholly free from assumption are those who will hasten to declare Christ to be wholly separated from any element above the loftiest human life. For mark the difficulty of the situation. No one knows what God is. Hence, no one may hasten to affirm His absence or presence.

Christ the true "Liberalist."

He is a partial, a half-soul, who does nothing but debate over our dust. Christ is the true "liberalist," because He did not take refuge in silence or doubt, but boldly uttered His creed, and in such terms that it suits alike those of all times and continents.

Be a Little more Patient.

It is singular how impatient man is with his neighbor's philosophy, and how very tolerant he is toward all belief that is dressed up in a foreign costume! If a Presbyterian comes along singing the story of Adam and Eve, and of Noah and his dove, and of Daniel and his lions, many persons in our community grow indignant and would exhaust upon these Calvinistic heads the stores of common abuse but if a great, gaudy man from India or Arabia comes to tell how we were all toads once and may after this life become an elephant or a fish, we pay a dollar to hear the man speak and then after the lecture we want him to live with us for a week. If the Presbyterians

come along with the Old Testament we want to have them put in jail, but if Edwin Arnold comes along with his "Light of Asia" we call him a poet and love his sweet little tales as though they were a part of history. The "Light of Moses" has as much right to a hearing as the "Light of Asia," and "Orthodoxy," like Hindooism, ought to pass along in peace all over our continent. The men who hold these many forms of thought are all one as our neighbors and friends. Their morality and goodness are made all one by the age.

Thank God for our Altars.

When a philosophic liberalism shall gather up the phenomena of church life as carefully as it seeks the general principles of religion, it will find much of its own breadth everywhere; will find itself able to join in the service of Episcopalian or Presbyterian without any other feeling than that of gratitude to God that all over earth His children have an altar for their hour of deep worship and meditation.

Our Moral World Has no Railway Speed.

Our moral world is dragged by oxen. It has no railway speed. The railway carries men's bodies rapidly, but it never interferes with the old slow speed of the intellect. The clergymen who went to the last General Assembly traveled by the rapid car. They may have received messages by electricity, but the car and the electricity did not impart any swiftness to their intellect.

Let us Walk Humbly.

We must walk along in the light we possess here—the light of common evidence, an evidence woven out of history, experience, testimony, and out of the humility that confesses that God may, for aught we know, tabernacle in the flesh.

You Cannot Drive a Yoke of Oxen a Mile a Minute.

The impatient soul will always make a false estimate of our race. Only the most painstaking heart can keep in mind all the facts of the world. He who drives a yoke of oxen must give up all hope of traveling a mile a minute. If he is impatient he must part company with those slow animals. But how faithful they are! How heavy, how gentle, how obedient; but oh, how slow!

Praying for God and Rejecting Christ.

If, then, the whole human family has been grieving over an absent God, an invisible, inaccessible, formless, voiceless God, and has prayed that he would break through the impenetrable clouds and come near His children, it is a capricious logic that will then reject a Christ because the Deity cannot enter a limited world. A strange world, that will pray for a manifest God and then reject the idea of a manifestation! Such are the difficulties that attend a peremptory rejection of the doctrine of the Incarnation, difficulties that may well open the heart to what evidence there may be upon the great New Testament shore. I am not ready to confess that God never would become limited by a body for the welfare of His children, nor ready to confess that He ever could become thus limited in a manner better, more impressive than in the person of Christ.

The Son Of God.

If God were destined ever to draw near the human sense, the best shape of that earthly residence would be such as our Christ. What more impressive Son of God need we await than He of the manger and cross? Do we seek diviner words, or a diviner love or holier life? Let the superhuman come to us again and again, to

attach itself to these years of humility and sorrow, and the being that should carry about this mingled soul and mind would always be a Jesus Christ. Heaven and earth meeting could not but give us the Man of Sorrows and sympathy. The upper purity and the lower sin, meeting, could not but give us the cross. Such upper life wedding the shores of death could not but give us the resurrection.

Presbyterian and Episcopal Worshipers Much Alike.

While devotion to the transient is an injury, a drawing of the heart away from the great, yet in our age the narrowness is larger in theory than in life, for with the exception of here and there an individual, Christians are holding to the small ideas with only a gentle grasp, and are daily becoming more and more heirs of a full emancipation. If you will select two churches of this city; if you will choose from the hundreds of sanctuaries two seemingly so far apart as the Second Presbyterian and the Grace Episcopal Churches, and will, by a careful analysis, examine the souls that worship at those two shrines, you will find no marked qualities that distinguish between the two throngs. Coming from the same avenues and from the same conditions of life, the faith, and hope, and character, of the two groups are the same. Both trees will let fall the same fruit in the autumn of the grave. This resemblance comes to pass from the fact that only an ignorant age can be the perfect slave of minor ideas, and that in our century these two representative congregations are children of only general truths, and are carrying along with them a diversity that is becoming external, getting ready, like the chrysalis of the butterfly, to fall away and go back to dust, handing over the inmate to wings.

Goldwin Smith.

Unexpected famines or earthquakes, or wars, or conflagrations will come and change a nation's drift. Or a single individual like a Luther, or a Savonarola, or a Döllinger, or a Napoleon, will come along, and by himself alone change the page of history for a hundred or five hundred years. Goldwin Smith says beautifully that the scientific minds will always be able to analyze the sunlight and to explain the formation of clouds, but they will never be able to paint a sunset in advance, and tell us how the clouds will marshal themselves, or from what urns the colors will be poured out.

Mere Denial a Poor Foundation for a Church.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries exact definitions in religion were as popular as statues, pictures and jewels. The man who could produce a good, strong doctrine was reckoned a genius. Seroctus was put to death for being a Unitarian. He and Calvin had made new doctrines and each bade fair to become as celebrated as Angelo or Raphael. But Calvin held the political power and he put to death his rival. Unitarianism was thus born out of an age that worshiped an opinion. When certain men happened upon the idea that Jesus was a man they hastened to found a church upon the idea, and must have been happy over the loss of a divine leader. They are not now so happy over opinions, and would not really care much if all the men and women in America should suppose the Son of Man to be also the Son of God. Unitarianism has therefore lost its early charm, and would no doubt love to reach some name that would imply simply the mental and moral advance of society under the Nazarene flag. A church cannot well stand upon only a denial of somebody's alleged

divinity. It can stand better upon the growing divinity of mankind. Orthodoxy has gained much by its having the more of God on its hands. The Universalists find themselves embarrassed also by a name. That society was created while the public mind was still fond of exact definitions as to all things that pertained to the spiritual universe. Reasoning from the goodness and power of God, and from the intercession and love of Christ, certain theologians reached the conclusion that all souls would find at last holiness and happiness. The great river of human life was flowing toward a happy country. And so this thought and belief were called Universalism, and were made the basis of a new society.

Those Who Seek Justice Should Be Just.

There might be a marching army in whose flags there would be a profound significance. The heart can easily see a host of ragged and haggard women and children marching toward some legislature to beg for some new laws relating to the sale of costly and destructive drinks. Could these suffering families be assembled in some plain that would afford room for a few millions of sad mortals, perhaps they could tell us with a new kind of eloquence that the time had come for the age to move a few steps upward—must carry a banner of holiness. The newspaper has much power indeed, so has the written petition signed by a half million names, but so would there be power in a milion upturned faces over which faces lines had been cut deep by poverty and tears—faces of children that had never seen any happiness—faces of women who had once been beautiful and joyous. But no such host was that which took a railway train by brute force; and no such host is that which drank and caroused by the banks of the Missouri. Men need not march in search of a

higher law if they must pause in the saloons on the way. Men who go upon a holy pilgrimage must carry a little of holiness with them. Men who make long journeys to plead for justice ought to carry with them not a little of that valuable article. The beggar who wears on his bosom the card: "I am dumb," should not talk much. But charity often displaces the intellect and makes women send bouquets to murderers, and to accept from a debased drunkard an offer of marriage; for charity is a rapid-sweeping sentiment, while wisdom is a slow, limping thought. It is most probable that the troubles of to-day will soon decline and perish. The marching men reveal no definite aim and display no moral worth. In 1776 our fathers knew what they wanted. The army of Washington knew why it marched and endured privations. The slaves of the South knew why they often ran at night, toward the north star. When the soldiers moved toward Washington City in 1861, they knew the nature of their errand. It is quite fatal to these troubles of to-day that these little armies need an interpreter.

The Pilgrims to Washington.

No defense can be made of that delegation which having set out to find at Washington some more perfect form of justice concluded they could travel best in a stolen train. Their idea that by trampling upon law for three thousand miles they could the better plead for more law is perhaps the most original idea for which an army of philosophers ever marched. Don Quixote rode over Spain to redress wrongs, but he was not crazy enough to make his benevolent journey on a stolen horse. If, however, any of these migrating groups are honest in their belief that they can make ideas impressive by carrying them by the living human form they seem to

possess the right thus to wander. There is no law against the use of the public roads that may lead from one ocean to the other, but the rights of the road do not reach over into the fields. If the philosophic travelers find charity along the road the age dare not complain. There is always a charity that will aid an army to go to the next town. The daily papers are erring greatly in not finding out for the public who these men are who are tramping along toward the Capitol. We are informed that they are lazy tramps who love to be fed along a thousand-mile road; that if well fed they would make the road wind all over the world in the temperate zone; but the whole affair is so large and so serious that the people would rather exchange a great mass of guess work for a few facts. A few reporters traveling with these itinerants a few days could learn the character and the ideas of the mass. Their character should be known. Are they all idle men who would rather tramp in a body than move in the old isolation of one by one? Are they disciples of Henry George, with hearts set upon paying land rent to the Nation? Are they Republicans going to Washington with some plea against hard times? Are they Democrats on their way to tender to Mr. Cleveland some advice from the distant West? In an age of telegraphs, newspapers and indefatigable reporters, no analysis of these armies has yet been brought in. That each division contains idle and bad men is evident, but we should all know the dominant moral character of the crowds. While the public waits for the facts it may well marvel at the many experiences through which our particular spot of earth has passed. And each experience has been an advance. Here great seas of grass rolled many thousands of years ago. The climate was hotter then and made great coal beds out of its excessive

vegetation. The wild animals were larger than the buffalo and the wild horse. At last the mound builders and the red man came, exiles, perhaps, from some continent now lost. What a rude, sad thing were the mound builders' age and the red man's age! Murder was hardly a crime. It was not dangerous to the murderer, and not much of a loss to the one killed. The population could never have been dense, for there was no science of living. The only science that flourished was that of putting people to death.

Music the Child of Christianity.

There is an art which Christianity created almost wholly, asking little of outside aid. Music is that peculiar child. The long continued vision of heaven, the struggle of the tones of voice and of instrument to find something worthy of the deep feelings of religion, resulted at last in those mighty chants that formed the mountain springs of our musical Nile. There could have been no music had not depth of feeling come to man. The men who went up to the pagan temples went with no such love, with no sorrow of penitence, with no exultant joy. It was necessary for Jesus Christ to come along and transfer religion from the form to the spirit, and from an "airy nothingness" to a love stronger than life, before hymns like those of Luther, and Wesley, and Watts, could break from the heart. The doctrine of repentance must live in the world awhile before we can have a "Miserere," and the exultant hope of the Christian must come before the mind can invent a "Gloria."

Old World Blooms.

As the lilies bloomed before the Savior pointed out that group of blossoms to his followers, so the mind and

soul of man began to bloom in the old world where Hiram worked in gold, where Miriam sang, where Job and David wrote, where the Greek orators thundered and the Greek poets sang. It is safe to say that the greatness of earth began, not with Christ but with God. We need not take the garlands from the Father to bestow them upon the Son. The grandeur of earth began when God said, "Let us make man in our image." Let us never set up such rash claims for Christianity that when our youth pass from childhood to manhood and womanhood, and begin to read books, they will need to remodel their opinions and unlearn the lessons of early life, and thus run the peril of falling from a once childlike faith into the dreary land of infidelity or doubt.

Caste in India.

In India a man is made great or small by his caste. A Brahman may all life long be a perfect blockhead, but no harm comes from that condition of intellect, for he was born great. People fall on their faces before him, not because he has any sense or virtue, but because he was born great. Then it is in vain if a carpenter attains to great learning, for he was born miserable and must remain true to his birth. Along come the Western nations, and men and women may all rise up to one class—a great humanity. Each individual may draw strength from the whole world. The mind need not be oppressed by the narrows and wild beasts around Job and Dante. It may move out into the more boundless, open country. Many of the Christian churches of our day find themselves embarrassed by the names which their ancestors selected and loved long ago. In the whole past mankind seems to have loved some form of personal distinction. The mind was too small to conceive of and love the re-

semblances in our race; it was more fond of the differences. It was common and degrading to be a member of the human family; and it was easy to claim some special feature of the intellect.

The Word "God."

The word God was used to atone for indolence of inquiry or poverty of thought. Also superstition loaded down the sacred idea and kept the Deity before the world as the performer of all sorts of high and low tragedy and comedy. The modern study into natural causes has affected not a little the relation of a God to an event, and hence has perhaps given to the present a little more than its share of the materialistic spirit. I need not pause to argue the question whether absolute atheism is possible. I do not believe that the mind can ever reach a perfect assurance that there is no God. But there is a practical, or rather influential, atheism possible, and not only possible, but in our day such a non-belief seems passing beyond its former limited proportions. In view of the approximative atheism we now witness, it seems timely we should all ask ourselves and each other what would be the effect upon morals of a widespread disbelief?

The Natural World.

Wonderful as the unfolding of the natural world is the unfolding of the world spiritual. The natural world is the schoolhouse in which we may, if we will, learn the higher truths of the moral universe. But as children often sit in the schoolroom all through their early years unwilling to learn the lessons, longing for play or idleness, so we older ones pass our time in the great academy of nature with our idle eyes wandering far away from the valuable page.

The Golden Rod.

The plant called the golden rod abounds in America, but when we speak of the Constitution of the Nation that beautiful plant is omitted. Without that yellow blossom the Nation could move on. Thus some denomination may be a flower in the field, but it can not be recorded in the philosophy of piety, for should that blossom cast all its colored leaves, on would go the great wheels of the Nazarene science. All the churches, be they a hundred or a thousand sects, must meet in the one end—the moral education of the unrolling race. Christ showed what hidden splendor lay in this earth, the task remains to educate the world and make this Nazarene beauty roll over all the zones of human life. An intellectual training will not suffice. That form of awakening must be accompanied by a great study of moral beauty. State and church must combine in the one task of over-throwing vice. As artists look toward ideals, as all the arts are proud of their ideals, thus must the church and State combine in making more and more white the souls of each new generation. A government which permits a low literature to flourish, drunkenness, gambling and all vices to be the pleasures of its citizens, ought soon to die and become trampled over again by the feet of savages and the hoofs of wild cattle. The moral education of the people must more and more become the end of nation and church.

Morals Born of Belief in God.

The world's morals have as a fact descended from a belief in a God. However far back we look, the development of conscience and virtue is only a form assumed by the development of an idea of a Supreme Ruler. The human race has always placed in the heavens a standard

of right and wrong, and has gazed upward as if to read there the path of duty. In the oldest records of Homer, or Moses, or Zoroaster, of Chaldea, Egypt, or India, there is to be seen a Being, above human, standing as the supreme right of the universe. The Vedas of the old Hindoos all overflow with this consciousness of a God. One of the sacred books says: "The great Lord of these worlds sees as if he were near. A man may think he walks by stealth but the gods know it. If a man stands, or walks, or hides; if two persons whisper together, God Varuna knows it. He is there as a third. He who should flee far beyond the sky, even he would not escape Varuna the king." Such is the religious spirit of a literature which two thousand years before Christ lay in ten large books spread out before an almost countless multitude of souls. While Abraham and his followers were looking up to Jehovah by faith, influenced by a celestial city that had foundations, while Jacob, in a dream, was beholding a ladder reaching from earth to sky with divine messengers upon the steps, the Aryans were moving across India with their hearts as full as Jacob's soul was with the presence of God and His angels.

"Oh, How I Love Thy Law!"

Read upon tables of rock the laws of industry, of will, of faith, of love, of justice, and cry out with the ancient worshiper, "Oh, how I love Thy law!" He that erases one of these commandments makes of your soul a deserted house. It is full of joy and language and music no more. I speak not simply in the name of religion. All the hours and years of this life ask you to confess the supreme power of the will, of faith, of hope. You can not despise the mighty forces without becoming "as a house without inhabitant." Often have we seen within the boundaries

of a single heart an image that "deserted village" of the poet.

Sweet smiling village ! loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn,
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen
And desolation saddens all the green.

The Providence of Law.

Having given up the providence of detached events we must all pass over to the providence of the law. The walls of despotism will not fall by blowing of horns; the schoolhouse bell has more potency. The Red Sea will not part for an army; the growth of education and freedom will dissolve the armies on the sea's banks and turn the soldiers into farmers or scholars. The sun will not pause over a battlefield; the age of the intellect will sow the battlefield with wheat and will ask of the sun only the regular rising and setting of summer and winter. An event uses God for only a day, but law needs God everywhere and forever. With the ancients God was like a crash of thunder, an earthquake, but we have drifted into years in which God is like the light and the atmosphere—the perpetual accompaniment of man.

O, Boasting Century !

O, boasting century, question yourself thus: Do you fully believe in temperance? Do you act out your belief? Do you believe in kindness? Do you act kindly? Do you read and write poetry on the beauty of simplicity? Do you declaim over the beauty of a life devoted to nature, to man, and to God? Do you act out the philosophy of such simplicity? Do you ask a friend to come and take a simple meal with you, and then do you and he sit down to a glutton's feast, and after three

hours of excess rise with the body injured and the mind beclouded? O, boasting century, dost thou thus live? If so, the golden age will not come. It will wait until thou shalt have detached thyself from all this injurious and comprehensive lie. But when thy mortal nature shall become the companion of thy learning, then shall the flowers of paradise begin to bloom at thy feet and her sky to grow rosy over thee.

History Full of Ruins.

History is full of the ruins of empires and cities. Could you sit down by each ruin and find the causes that brought it, only one report would come from Palmyra, or Thebes, or Babylon, or Athens, or Alexandria: "We violated the laws of life and are dead." Within their once-living hands and hearts the laws of industry, of morals, of social life, of political well-being, were broken and death came. If from any cause the law of gravitation should be broken for an hour by our earth, it would fall away never to run her beautiful circle again. The sun's fiery ocean would, in a brief period, receive the falling, unfortunate star. But the law of gravitation is only one upon the great statute book. The old nations have all fallen because they regarded not the mighty decalogue written upon their rocks, their fields, their palaces, their homes, their hearts. The story of Moses is perpetual and universal. Encamp where men may, at Sinai or in America, there is always a Moses coming with shining face carrying in his arms the laws of God. The soul that sinneth, it shall die. But it shall be well with the righteous.

Dens Like Palaces.

As those who live by the income of vice make their saloons and dens more and more like palaces that the

youth may be made familiar with all those haunts—familiar through the omnipresent glare of a false beauty, so those who live in the name of some great but new principle must daily emblazon it before the world that the onlooking race may gradually become familiar, not with a destroying vice, but with a coming virtue. The new idea must be met with in poetry, in prose, in sermons, in history, in philosophy; and, at last, hearts long closed will open and admit the new and beautiful guest.

A Universe Under Law.

Some declare that the world seems less sacred and charming to them since science has brought in such an array of second causes between them and the marvels of nature, filling up with physical or mental forces a place once full of the Heavenly Father. But this disappointment is destined to be only temporary, for as soon as the mind can become fully acquainted with the conception of a universe of law, it will find the old world of accident or miracle a poor, small thing compared with a universe all moving under law.

Wisdom Not Fickle.

True wisdom is not fickle. It is not a time-serving truth. As Antigone in the drama gave her heart to those moral laws which were more enduring than the throne of Thebes, thus the genius of Christianity, more divine than Antigone, must give her heart to principals more eternal than that of offering a lamb or an ox or a dove for the sin of a human soul. Paul exhorted his Roman friends to bring their own living bodies to their God, not their slaughtered forms, that this would be a logical service holy and acceptable to heaven.

A Golden Age.

All we know in reference to a golden age is that the human mind and heart are growing larger and somewhat more virtuous. The crime and vice in society still make difficult the life of the optimist, but it is easy to believe that a little of moral success will make success more easy, as the second million of dollars is more easily gained than the first. The reign of law does not imply an advance always sluggish. Science came by law, but it came more rapidly in the latest times and ran over more space in this century than it passed over in the ten centuries that preceded. So culture and morality coming by the laws of education and experience may quicken their pace in the future and make the twentieth or twenty-first century many times as brilliant and moral as the times in which we live. The processes of nature are often slow, but they need not possess such a quality. We have been 1,800 years in reaching what civilization we now possess, but two or three centuries might quadruple our stock of mental and moral power. Each new modern century comes clothed with additional power. It holds the past the more perfectly and then elicits more and more out of the present. Law would just as willingly fly like a bird as creep like a snail. Having exchanged a spasmodic world for one of natural law we need not expect the new wheels to run slowly.

God in the Holy Place.

Among the Hebrews God was in the holy place ; in the adjoining tribes He was in the groves ; in Egypt He was embodied in two brothers, Osiris and Osiris ; in Persia He was in the sun ; in Greece He was on Olympus and at Delphi ; in Rome He was in the thunder, in the ocean in the winds, and was betrayed by the dreams of a Cæsar's

wife or the flight of his doves. Thus came all the old literature with the deity for its ornament and eloquence. It was not Isaiah alone who saw the Lord coming in peace and splendor, the wolf the friend of the lamb, the lion the playmate of the ox, and the little child leading all by its love; Virgil deduced the same ultimate result from the reign of the omnipotent King and sang forth that a great era was about to emerge from the ages, that the goddess of justice was soon to ascend her throne, that the Saturnian age, that of gold was coming, was coming, a new race was about to descend from the sky, no one would fear the wild lions, the serpents would cease to exist, the sap of the oak would become honey. Wander whither the reader may in those generations which preceded Christ; read in the pages of Hesiod or Pindar, or Sophocles or Virgil, or in the inscriptions on Egyptian stones, and he can never get away from the empire of God. Paul simply summed up all past feeling when he used those words: "The only potentate—the King of Kings."

Christian Philosophy Begins With God.

The Christian philosophy begins with a God; it then reveals Christ as showing the divineness of the earth; it demands the personal virtue of each human being; it makes the moral education of the people the greatest aim of person and church and state; but mighty as these truths are they are not enough. It goes so much further that the language of earth can not follow it. It opens the gates of eternity and asks the beings who on earth possessed a nature only a little lower than the angels to a second and longer life; to come with its torn banners and imperfect music, to come with its tears and mysteries and happiness. It obeys the summons and transfers all at last to another land.

Nothing is Independent.

There is not much that is accidental in the life of an individual or a nation. One of the facts that the modern times are establishing is that the whole universe is under the reign of law. From the most immense and most remote sun to the smallest atom of dust, law is forming and retaining and guiding all things at all moments. Nothing is independent. Things and events once referred directly to God are now referred to the laws of God as to the invariable agent of the Almighty. This great inference affects not in the least the idea or providence of God, for here as among human actors the principle applies that what one does through an agent he does through himself.

What Will Atheism Bring ?

But if thus seen through a dark glass, the idea of God has so molded all thought and character, what will atheism ever bring to place alongside that conception of the Creator that is now trying to burst into the world through the windows of a holier temple ? If the altars of religion helped man even when those altars asked man to go forth to cruel war and cruel persecution, what may not the human race expect from them when the only beings that shall bow before them shall be brothers, saints, penitents, and the only angels above the new mercy-seat shall be the seraph of love and the cherub of light ?

Nothing Available on Earth But Man.

Paul, like William Hamilton, saw nothing valuable upon earth but man, and nothing great in man but his soul. Paul passed from the career of a harsh ruler, or rather brutal underling, over to that unbounded charity that pities all, and loves all, and helps all. The Jewish

nation was too limited to satisfy his love. He became the apostle to the Gentiles because the Jews were only a little sect. The Gentiles were a great world, hundreds of millions strong. Paul is the being in history, after Jesus Christ, that took into his love the human race. The rest of the human history is uncheered by any instance of a self-denial that had all man for its object. Some of the Greeks wrote about the oneness of man, and one of them boasted that he was a "citizen of the world." But the theory of nobleness found its earliest realization in Judea.

Inspiration Does Not Deal in Common Things.

An elevation, an inspiration the most divine will not utter any details about common or uncommon events. Our fathers were awakened to the love of freedom, but that awakening did not tell them that the struggle for a republic would last seven years; did not tell them how many States would be added to the first group; that some States would lie in the Rocky Mountains, some on the shores of the Pacific. Thus the holy men of old were told in what paths to walk, but it was not told them how far the paths were to run. It was the human zeal and hope that said: these paths will bring us to heaven in the morning.

The Millennium,

We children of the nineteenth century must discard, not the "inspiration of St. John but only his personal dream. The vision of a divine kingdom must open up before us as it opened before the early Christians, but we must believe long indeed the paths that lead thither, and the thousand years which seemed so satisfactory to the saints must be changed by us into many times ten thou-

sand; for the word "millennium" was only a poetic term which we now see signifies the infinite future of mankind.

Why Dumas Failed.

Castelar says that Alexandre Dumas failed of greatness because "he was willing to tell a lie in his books." Literature reposes upon truth. So a good life reposes upon common sense, and cannot stand upon a basis of folly. Why should God send other angels if we despise the first?

Doctrines Sink, Character Rises.

An effort is now being made by some orthodox clergymen to make the church consist of persons who are trying to live a life like that of Christ. Doctrines are to sink and character is to rise. It is as though the books on astronomy were to give place to the magnificence of the sun; it is as though the gifted mother were to put aside Cicero's essay on friendship and, instead of reading, puts her arms around her idolized child! Wonderful discovery, that a Christian ought to be like Christ! From such a discovery we might infer that a musician ought to love music and that a singer should love song! What a discovery! It follows that an orator should have language and that the rainbow should love its seven arches and its seven colors!

Lessing.

The great German, Lessing, looked upon morality as being virtually God. God is an omnipresent Spirit and when man is upright he is with God. Lessing thought this idea the one and eternal gospel. No time or place could change it. It would stand all alone without any consideration of rewards and punishments. In this Les-

sing followed some of the great students of antiquity. Christ made this human virtue the explanation of man upon earth, but he did not attempt to separate morality from its reward. His style and his logic was not severe enough to permit him to plant himself upon virtue alone. He was so loving that he could not rest in the words: "Blessed are the pure in heart." His love added: "For they shall see God." "And ye who follow me in this recreation of the heart shall sit down upon thrones." He knew that man must do right whatever betide. A tide would come in and it would be a wave of joy. He was more than Philosopher ; He was man's friend.

The Mind Must Ascend.

Inasmuch as the golden age must come by natural law it must come by a widening intellect that shall slowly drag the heart up after it. If the modern intelligence is half-way up the mountain then modern morality is one-fourth the way from base to peak. In the classic land when genius was far up the sides of leafy Parnassus morality was still around the mountain's base. In barbarian lands both genius and virtue are in sickly vale. The mind is the first to pass out and up.

Faith a Passion.

Happy day for earth when such a being as Jesus Christ came to stand in the center of religious belief to transform faith into a passion. Out of that new and infinite outlook came the new purity of the human heart; came the tenderness that abolished the Coliseum; came the heroism that made martyrs; came the spiritual power that gave us new literature and new arts; came the new high and solemn music; came the equality of man that gave us liberty; came the pure worship that leads to Heaven. Where Christ has gone and has been deeply

loved, languor, that withering of the soul, has been delayed or averted. The missionary has sailed out upon every sea; the Elliotts and Marquettes have traversed the pine forests and the prairies; the Henry Martyns have prayed in Persia; every where the heart of man has moved out toward his fellow, because this faith and hope have beaten like a glorious midsummer storm upon the barren heart, and have transformed it into an Eden. Faith alone touches the strings of the soul and makes music.

Black Morals Must Grow White.

God does not need to be appeased. If a soul does wrong, nothing can come from the outside of that soul to satisfy the divine displeasure. All amending must come from within the soul. What was black in morals must grow white. Jesus reveals all the hidden whiteness of humanity. He erases the stains of the ages and shows the hidden color so possible to mankind. He stands as a solution to the mystery of man.

Avernus !

"Avernus" means birdless. Located in the desolate crater of an extinct volcano, a poisonous air issuing from the infernal depths hung over the dark water, and stupefied the sense of the eagle or the nightingale that tried to pass from shore to shore. Suddenly the wing became powerless, and the eagle with his pride and the nightingale with his song fell into the river of death. Let us bless the classics that they have handed down to us such a figure of human life. There is a lake of pleasure, of folly; of sin, lying near the homes of the young. A deadly air hangs over it. The young, forgetful or ignorant of its fatal vapors, spread their wings upon its hither shore—those wings made in Heaven, and good

enough for angels. But at last their flight is checked, and be the heart once proud like the eagle's, or sweet with song like the lark's, alike it falls into the dark flood.

Human Littleness.

But this sinking, this fainting of the soul in presence of mental work, is not the result of human greatness, but human littleness, it being the struggle of the old "natural man" to find still in the nineteenth century the sleep and languor which so delighted him when the world was young, and the day and night were not vexed by any logic or any art. It will require in us all great effort and will-power to study man's commerce at home and abroad; as doctors we are willing to read the medical journals of the old and new worlds; as politicians we are ready to mark what the papers said yesterday, and what this or that caucus did East or West; as ladies of fashion all are willing to study the latest forms of raiment, and to combine desire with the study; but to get out of these channels, and while merchants to care for law, or while doctors to care for theology, or while lawyers to give any thought to a missionary, this is the crucial test which few can survive.

God and Immortality.

As the army of Moses marched toward the pillar of cloud and fire, so the army of all men has marched toward that ideal of holiness which we call God, filling all space with its radiance. Of all visions that have cheered and directed and inspired man, the vision of God and immortality has been the chief. Atheism would be an awful destruction of ideals. To make man look downward instead of up, to look backward instead of into endless life, to ask the heart to exchange God's temple for the

forum, to ask woman to look away from the Infinite purity and find her virtue only in the laws of the State, this would be such a destruction of ideals as a soul fashioned like the human soul could not bear, we fear, without sinking like that morning star, Lucifer, from the light of heaven down to hell's rayless gloom. The soul is not shaped by the actual, but by the ideal.

England, Athens and Rome Left Behind.

In this new breadth of thought all the modern nations join and not only is the old England left far behind, but even classic Athens and Rome are dimmed by this modern splendor. The new immense themes of reflection have made a new mental power and a greater mental republic. The state in its liberty and infinite detail of right, the church in its doctrines and morals, the social questions, the status of man, woman, and child, the home, the public education, the group of sciences, the brilliant company of arts, the inventions, the study of nature, the study of beauty, the drama, the opera, the literature of history, philosophy and poetry and romance are only the names of the tasks in which the mind of our age is busied. For breadth and depth no river of thought as great has ever flowed through any period. By the law of intelligence as related to sin, the stream of wrong must be less than it was before this great thought came. Intemperance is moving slowly away from the upper classes. More benevolence comes. Love displaces cruelty. Sodom and Gomorrah are left to only history. Vice is not killed, but it is wounded. Moral beauty and not infamy is openly crowned. Our literature is more pure; and a little more of honor is seen on the streets and is met by the traveler. As the sun, always pulling at our world, cannot affect the

solid fields and mountains, but can lift up the wide sea because it is soft and flexible, and thus can make a tide rise high and run like the shadow of a cloud, so the human intellect rising to vast bulk and power can lift up the pliant morals of mankind, and make a wave of goodness run swift and high. Even in our land which seems so sinful, the mass of thought is pulling up a tide of love. The golden age will dawn when the affections of society shall rise in a higher tide to the pulling of the intellect.

Six Thousand Graves.

How vast is this cemetery of our soldiers ! There are six burying grounds within sight of the National Capitol. Any Congressman who is now trying to sell his Nation for gain might by a short walk or ride come to some holy spot where the silence and pathos of the scene would tell him to think more deeply and act more wisely. What a voice would come from the military asylum, with its 6,000 graves ! What a voice from Arlington, with its 16,000 dead ! What a voice from that one spot where lie the bones of 2,000 men whose names were not known ! The bursting shell, or lingering disease, or emaciation in prison, or separation from companions had made the name and home of the dead one disappear, never to come back. Here around the Capitol of their country lie 25,000, who for their country's welfare, offered up all the sweets of this life.

A Glorious Rationalism.

The evil of a destructive skepticism must lie chiefly in that arrest of spiritual power which it must bring. There is a rationalism which, while it is busy destroying some ideas, is pouring tenfold love upon other thoughts. It moves away from a desert that it may build up a home

in a paradise. This is a glorious rationalism. But there is an ultra logic which, instead of moving away from the desert, declares all other places to be also a sandy waste, and it sits down to perpetual stoicism or perpetual sorrow. Such a skepticism is a withdrawal of the supplies of life. For many of the springs of life cannot be discovered and established by logic. The Nile may be followed and its sources found, but there are streams in the soul to whose fountain-heads our science can not come. It must be assumed that they come from the alpha of life, a personal God. The critical inquiry that denies this, has repealed in this overthrow of faith a law that has been the intense life of man.

* * * * *

**Professor Swing's Last Words: A Passage From the
Unfinished Sermon,**

In our largest mercantile house there are clerks who receive \$20,000 a year. In one of our music houses we can find the same kind of fact. Great salaries are following labor's flag, but it is vain to say that those salaries come from demand and supply, for we know that these fortunate clerks could be procured at a much lower rate. Wages are being modified by the sentiment of human brotherhood. It must not be raised as an objection that this sentiment is not universal. Perhaps the man who raises the objection has not yet become perfectly redeemed himself. We should all be conscious of the slowness with which perfection spreads over the mortal heart. When the town of Pullman was projected, two or more members of its small but rich syndicate opposed the construction of such a beautiful village. They said, "beauty of streets, of houses, library, theater, market-place, church,

lakes, and fountains, will yield no interest on the investment. Plain, cheap huts will do as well." But the higher ideal carried, and \$3,000,000 were thus flung away. Some of the founders remembered the sweatshops of the world; and some remembered also the black slaves who had received from capital neither a home nor wages. There may be defects in the Pullman idea, but viewed from a hundred gambling dens and 5,000 saloons, it looks well. Seen from our City Hall it looks like a group of palm trees waving over a spring in the desert. While traveling through hell Dante was cheered when, looking through pitchy clouds, he saw a star.

We are not to assume that the town of Pullman has reached its greatest excellence. It is injured by the unrest of the Nation. Perhaps many of our greatest employers will, like Mr. Brassy, of England, decline to accept of us profits beyond 5 per cent. We must all hope much from the gradual progress of brotherly love. * * *

Here the professor's last manuscript ended.



TRIBUTE TO JAMES A. GARFIELD.

BY DAVID SWING.

Now all ye flowers make room ;
Hither we come in gloom
To make a mighty tomb,
 Sighing and weeping.
Grand was the life he led ;
Wise was each word he said ;
But with the noble dead
 We leave him sleeping.

Soft may his body rest
As on his mother's breast,
Whose love stands all confessed
 Mid blinding tears ;
But may his soul so white
Rise in triumphant flight
And in God's land of light
 Spend endless years.

BRIEF PASSAGES FROM THE PRAYERS OF PROFESSOR DAVID SWING.

We know we pronounce Thy name with unworthy lips, but we know we come into the presence of one full of forgiveness ; infinite in love. May we all feel forgiven and accepted. Fill all Thy Sanctuary in this hour. Bless this land in all its interests. Bless this Thy holy day.

* * * * *

O, Thou, who revealest Thyself as "Our Father in Heaven," indeed, but also everywhere, Thou fillest all space with Thy presence, there is no place where Thou art not present in wisdom, as well as in power ; be Thou very near to accept of our worship, to bless and to save.

* * * * *

We come into Thy presence as sincere worshipers. May every passing day, every passing scene, reveal to us more and more Thy presence. Make more visible Thy presence in the world, and more visible Thy relations to us. Make each Sunday that comes more full of rest, full of affection, full of wisdom.

* * * * *

Bless all Thy courts this day ; go with the worshipers. We pray for a special blessing on this congregation. Bless our friends who are disturbed with great sorrow—

parted from loved ones ; may they think of the world beyond this—where there will be a perfect union of friends. Dispel all our doubts, and accept of us in our Saviour's name.

* * * * *

May this life not seem all of life. May we look forward to a better land ; to the presence of the King of Kings ; the fatherland, whose ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths peace ; look forward to coming to the greatest of parents—most loving—most kind—most wise. May we all accept His life, marking His actions, noting His faith, His trust, and so live, that He may become to each of us a perfect Saviour, saving us and bringing us at last to His final home. Hear us and graciously accept of us, for Christ's sake.

* * * * *

We, who have so often been worshipers, again assemble. New obligations have sprung up. Thou hast been near us in power. Thou hast led us along to other hours and days, and hast permitted us again to meet each other in the house of prayer. The goodness that gave us being, the power that has been near us and kept with such mindful care, is with us still. And we meet again to bless Thee. Thou art everything to each of us. Thou art life and Thou art the quality of life, the continuance of life, and Thou art the only hope we have of life beyond this. We come into this world at Thy bidding ; so, at Thy bidding we die, and at Thy bidding shall live again. So, we are each of us the "Alpha" and "Omega," the beginning, the ending.

May we realize, as often as we come into Thy sanctuary, though we bring many sins, sins committed against each other, (but thus we must come) we come into the presence of one who forgives. We come with our prayers and our penitence and ask for forgiveness. Come to us and bless us with the blessing each heart needs. Come and bestow some gift that will keep life from being a great loss and failure, and that will make all years full of usefulness and happiness. Come with special blessing. Give each a faith to see Thee, and to know Thou art near. Come to each with a change of heart, so we may all be made new creatures in Christ Jesus. Then come to each of us, children of mortality, with a hope of another life.

* * * * *

We bless Thee specially for a day that brings our thoughts to another life ; a day that is sacred to a life to come ; sacred to the dead ; sacred to all that is beyond this life. May Thy presence be so with us, that we shall believe without a doubt—be able almost to see a world brighter than this ; a world divested of all sin ; of all disappointments ; of all that makes it undesirable. We know that all of us come to this life through Thee ; therefore all go to Thee, who art the resurrection and the life ; and believing in Thee, we accept Thy word, and are glad to bear the toil and suffering for Thy sake, doing good, as Christ did, and at last go down to the grave to everlasting life beyond. Fill all our hearts with simple faith and simple morals ; and may the hope of a life to come bring great happiness to all.

* * * * *

Thou, everlasting to everlasting, unchanging, loving Father, always powerful, always wise, always near, help

us to come into Thy presence gladly. May all the days of the past week make this seem more to us the house of God. May the tumult of the world, its noise, its sadness, its business, its necessities, lead us all to enjoy the peace that passeth all understanding—the peace of worship—the peace that comes to each heart on Thy holy day. Although all days are sacred—all days come from Thy Divine hand—and are full of blessedness and happiness, yet help us all to realize that the day of worship is greater than all other days. This day, we pronounce Thy holy name ; sing to Thee ; read in Thy presence to each other the Divine words of truth.





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